Saturday Night

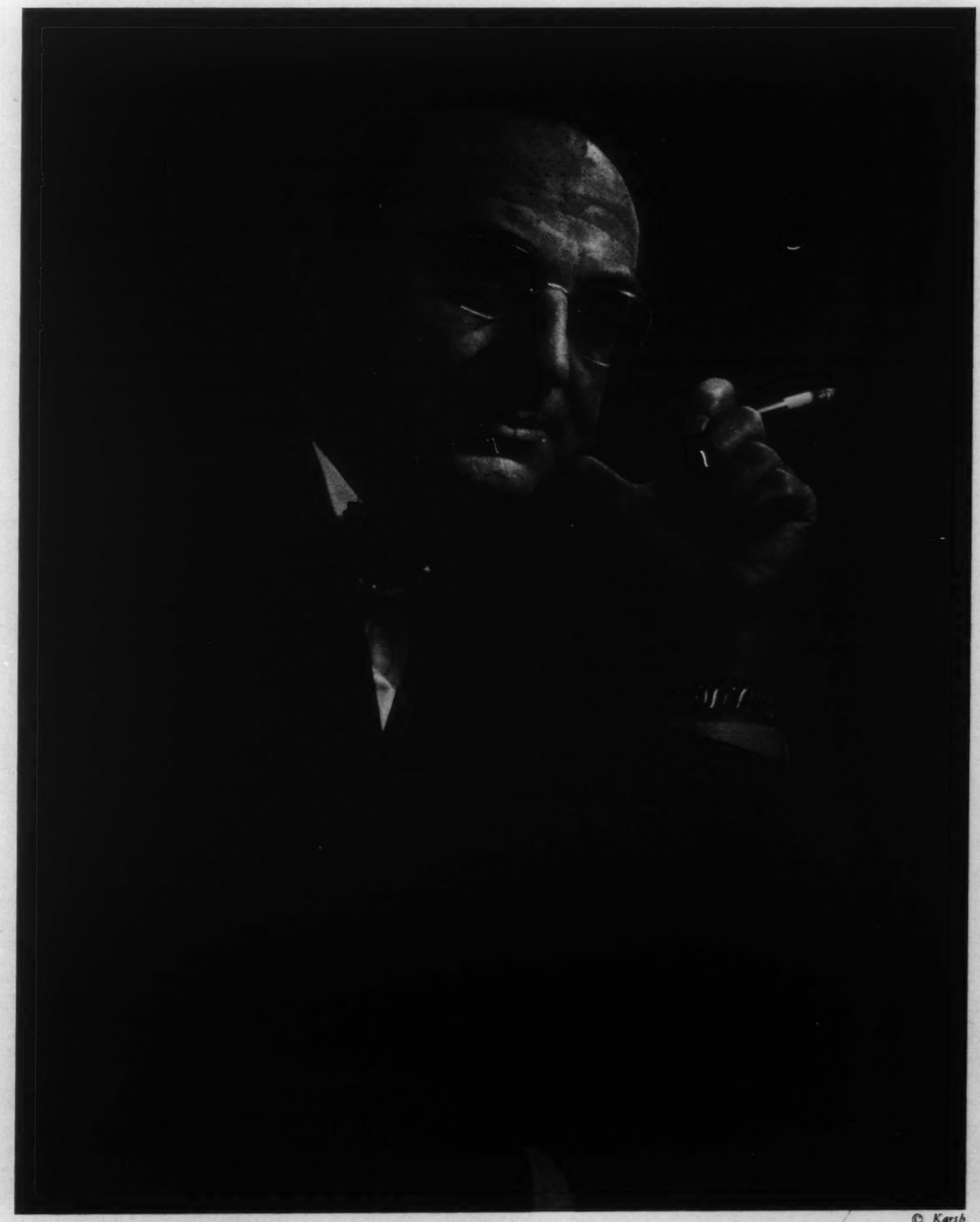
April 4, 1953 • 10 Cents

The Front Page

Prime Minister St. Laurent and the members of his Cabinet are a friendly, broadminded lot, possessed of many virtues, and remarkable for their loyalty. But it is an odd kind of loyalty, directed more to each other than to the traditional principles which are supposed to govern the conduct of those entrusted with high public office. If this were not so, Hon. George Prudham would be a back-bencher today, and somebody else would be Minister of Mines.

Mr. Prudham is president of Prudham Building Supplies Ltd., a company which some time ago bought the old Canadian National Railways station in Edmonton. It was a private transaction, the CNR not asking for tenders on the property before the sale.

The Prudham company undoubtedly gave the CNR a better price than anyone else would have, but that is not the point. The English-speaking nations have a sound principle of government that requires anyone of ministerial rank so to divorce himself from his private interests that there can be no suspicion of his taking advantage of political power to increase his business prosperity. It is a rigid rule, and permits no



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PREMIER SMALLWOOD OF NEWFOUNDLAND: "Having the time of our lives". *(See Page 7)*

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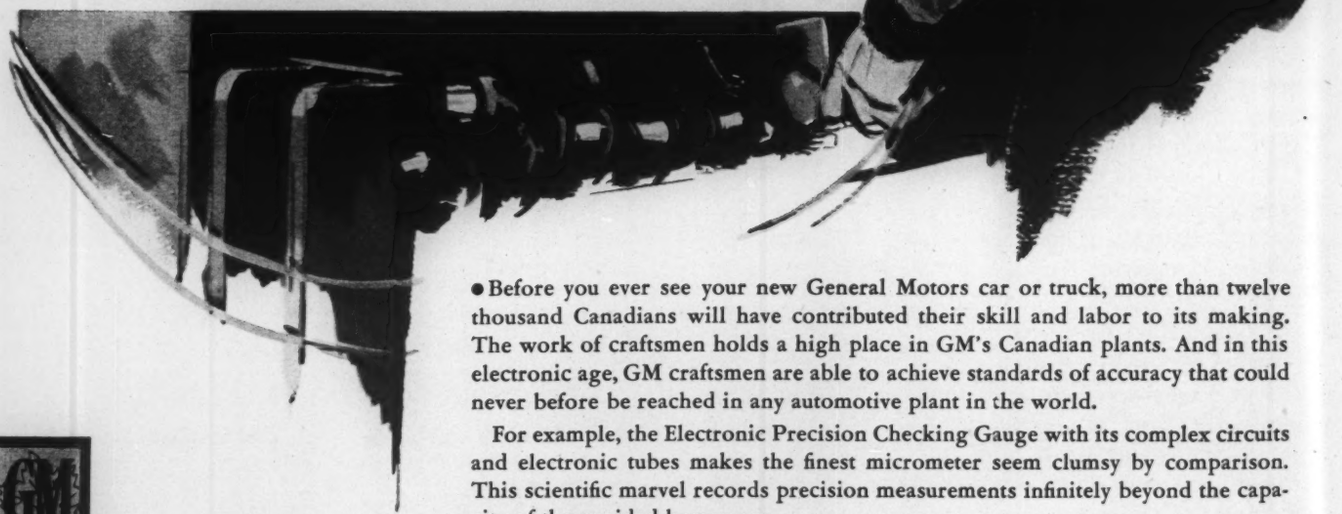

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laxity in interpretation: no Minister shall put himself in a position where his integrity (and by implication, the integrity of the whole Cabinet) can be questioned. Honesty of purpose, good intent, unblemished name — these things cannot affect the application of the rule, because no matter what may happen to individuals, the reputation of Government must be above suspicion.

The principle is well established. Governments in Canada, Britain and the United States have not hesitated to apply the rule with impartial severity, even when there was no possibility of scandal. Just a few weeks ago, Charles E. Wilson had to sell his General Motors stock before the Congress of the United States would confirm his appointment as Secretary of Defence. In Britain, the precedents are legion. In 1892, for instance, Sir James Fergusson resigned as Postmaster-General when the post office bought a telephone company in which he had an interest.

The probity of the minister concerned is not the fundamental issue. Mr. Prudham has had a fine, distinguished career, and there can be no doubt about his honesty. But no matter how good a deal his company gave the CNR (and the railway company made a bad mistake in not calling for tenders), he has violated a stern principle of ministerial conduct.

It is incredible that the Prime Minister can dismiss this breach of principle as a matter of no consequence, and that other members of the Cabinet not only condone the breach but warmly defend it. If Mr. St. Laurent had been scrupulous in his regard for honored parliamentary custom, he would have obtained Mr. Prudham's resignation once he learned of the transaction in Edmonton; but the very opposite happened, and Mr. Prudham has been patted on the head and told that he is a good boy.

Such conduct will confirm the opinion that the St. Laurent ministry has little more than a partisan appreciation of the customs and principles which buttress parliamentary responsibility.

A Nine-Year Gap

PERHAPS Miss Constance Bennett, the actress, was misquoted when, according to a report in the Toronto *Globe and Mail*, she told an official at the Canadian border, "I don't care who knows how old I am—I'm 39." A few hours later, the Toronto *Star* described Miss Bennett as managing "to look her glamorous self though clad in a simple black dress. . . She carried her 48 years and 98 pounds well." *The Motion Picture and Television Almanac* says Miss Bennett was born on Oct. 22, 1905, in New York City.

Courage in the Dark

WE MET a brave man this week, and it was a humbling experience. Since talking to Percy Stollery, who is industrial employment officer for the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, we have been wondering what we would have done if our most treasured hopes and ambitions were destroyed in one searing flash. That is what happened to Mr. Stollery.

As a youngster in Indian Head, Sask., and Vancouver, he fed his mind on accounts of explorations. One of his heroes was Richard Haliburton, and he decided to become an explorer himself. In 1928, when he was 23 years of age, he embarked on a 17,000-mile trip with another adventurer. Their plan was to travel from London, England, to Melbourne, Australia, following land routes by car as much as possible. It was described as a suicidal effort; insurance companies shuddered and backed away and governments would not accept any responsibility for what might happen. But they reached Melbourne, after travelling paths never before touched by any vehicle.

Toronto Telegram

PERCY STOLLERY and daughter Ann.

Mr. Stollery took a job in Melbourne, to earn some needed money, before continuing his adventures in the Far East. The job was in a chemical laboratory. One day some sulphuric acid exploded. Mr. Stollery was blinded. In hospital, he learned Braille and typing. After an unsuccessful operation in England, he studied physiotherapy, and returned to Canada in 1936 to open an office in London, Ont. The venture was not a success, and after seven months he joined the staff of the CNIB.

He has designed several devices to help the blind do by touch what usually requires sight, one a tool for making roller blinds and another a gadget for guiding the ring into the cutter in the milling of piston rings. He set up a home industries program, by which sub-contracts were obtained from manufacturers and the work done in their homes by blind people who were also crippled with arthritis.

He has just remodelled the kitchen in his own home, built a new china cabinet and laid a rubber tile floor. Earlier, he repanelled his stairway and gave the verandah a stone floor. And always ready to help is his 13-year-old daughter, Ann, who finds her father can banish the dullness of geography studies by talking about the distant and wonderful places of the world—the places he saw before darkness fell.

Justice Not Done

ATTORNEY-GENERAL Dana Porter told the Ontario Legislature he thought our message to Ronald Power, the young man unjustly imprisoned, was "extreme." We think it was very restrained — much more restrained than it would have been had we realized, at the time of writing it, the extent of Mr. Porter's inability to meet the demands of his office.

Mr. Porter showed little logic, and less understanding of the principle involved, in his discussion of the Power case. His version was this: Power got himself into trouble by lying to police in an attempt to provide an alibi for a friend; after he had been "identified", he changed the story he had told police; at no time was he serving a sentence; if he had applied for bail his request probably would have been granted; and in any case, "it was just one more instance where justice was finally done."

When Power appeared in court, he had no legal counsel; a lawyer assigned to him had just a few minutes to prepare the case. Power told the detective about the man who finally was arrested for the crime; and he named three witnesses who could testify he had been nowhere near the scene of the crime, but these were not produced in court. Power's lawyer applied for bail, which was set at $3,000. How many young men can raise that amount of money? Power was in Don jail for 10 months; he may not have been "serving a sentence", but he was in jail, his freedom and his good name gone.

All these, however, are minor points. Much more serious was the observation that "justice was finally done," because this reveals such a lack of understanding of what constitutes justice that one must doubt Mr. Porter's fitness for the position of Attorney-General.

Justice has *not* been done in the Power case. All that has happened is that one man, unjustly imprisoned, finally has been released, and another man arrested. The present requirements of the law have been met, but that is all. Justice will not be done until the Crown has made amends to the innocent man for the evil thing done to him, and the law has been changed to make provision for such cases in the future.

It is not justice to rob a man of reputation and months of his life, then give him back his liberty and consider that enough compensation for the indignity and suffering imposed on him. No amount of fumbling explanation in the Ontario Legislature can make it justice. And justice is what we have a right to expect of an Attorney-General, not callous acceptance of an inadequate legal system.

Frontier Saw-off

THINGS ARE pretty well a saw-off between the eastern and western zones of Germany these days. When a tree fell across the border recently, there was some high-level negotiation over ownership. Finally, eight West German guards and eight Communist policemen, all armed to the teeth, lined up at the tree. A crosscut saw was produced, a Communist grasped one handle and a West German the other, and they sawed the tree exactly along the border. The Communists lugged off the part in their zone, the West Germans took the remainder. Along a frontier drawn as nicely as that, a purist could make one stumble and be forced to split an infinitive.

Rule by Majority

PRIME MINISTER St. Laurent must be heartily sick of Reports. They keep popping up at the most awkward times and places, and they startle him so much he says things which he cannot possibly mean. At least, that would be a charitable explanation of such a remark as: "The Government cannot refuse to a majority of Parliament anything that the majority requests."

The Prime Minister said that, when he was being harried about a report

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which had found its way into the files of the Civil Service Commission but had not been properly interred there. His comment sounded quite innocent and parliamentary, but it derives from a dangerous fallacy, one to which the present Government is all too prone: that all a Government needs to justify its policies and actions is the complaisance of a docile majority, and that an Opposition is a petty annoyance to be scorned when it cannot be ignored.

The members of the Government have let their parliamentary majority go to their heads. They conveniently forget that the shift of a few thousand votes could make a tremendous difference in that majority, and that they could enjoy a comfortable working margin in the House of Commons while representing a minority of the electorate. The total votes garnered by the three parties in opposition could outnumber those of the Government party by an appreciable percentage without causing an equitable distribution of seats in Parliament.

The Prime Minister is confusing his majorities. He should clear his mind on the subject, and look beyond the confines of the Commons to the people in the cities and villages, the fields and the forests. His responsibility to them comes before any comfortable duty to his parliamentary majority.

But even if that majority truly reflected the way the people voted, he has a responsibility to the minority, in Parliament and outside it. To ignore that minority is to reject the principle that in our form of government there *should* be an Opposition, and to accept the insidious concept that a Government can justify any of its actions or policies by a vote of its own housebroken following.

Taxes, Wages, Prices

MORE taxation intelligence: The automobile industry in Canada paid a total wage bill of $131,992,273 last year. The Federal Government collected $138,487,863 in sales and excise taxes on automobiles during the same period. In other words, the people who built the cars earned $6½ million less than an agency who contributed nothing to production. In the automobile industry, at least, taxes are a bigger factor than wages in keeping prices high.

Economy and Spending

PRESIDENT Eisenhower has learned by now that most professional politicians have split personalities, an interesting condition which enables them to travel in two directions at the same time. He has been able to watch many a member of his Congress make stirring speeches about the need for economy in government and at the same time work actively against proposed economies which would thin out the gravy for local constituents.

Indeed, he can find this sort of thing in his own cabinet. Mr. Truman left behind him a proposal to give the Department of the Interior an appropriation of $616 million. Eisenhower's Secretary of the Interior, Douglas McKay, was willing to cut the appropriation by $54 million, but objected strenuously to the Budget Bureau's suggestion of a $200 million slash. Mr. McKay comes from the Pacific Northwest, where there is a great interest in reclamation projects, and these projects would be seriously affected by a reduction of $200 million in the Interior Department's appropriation.

The President probably has learned, too, that the underlying cause of these political peripatetics is the spending habit which now has become confirmed in Big Government. It is a habit which, once started, is as persistent and deadly as addiction to drugs; at the start it makes everyone feel very pleasant—the people who hand out the money as if it were their own, and the people who get some benefit from it without understanding that it was their own to spend in the first place; and then it takes more and more to maintain the illusion, until the nerves shriek and the body wastes.

There is a cure, just as there is a cure for the dope habit—to cut down the doses until the victim is back on a healthy diet. But it is an operation which calls for great courage and moral tenacity. President Eisenhower may have enough of both of these qualities, but it is obvious that most of his colleagues dread the cure more than the affliction.

History Books Wrong

FROM QUEBEC CITY comes word that the history books are inaccurate: the battle between Wolfe and Montcalm did not take place on the Plains of Abraham. The Ursulines bought the farm of Abraham Martin, the man who gave his name to the area, many years before the battle, but it was on another part of the Ursuline property that the engagement was fought.

It is good that this sort of research is done, because not only does it help to get history straightened out, but—more important — it confounds the teachers who cram dates and place names into their pupils without ever opening the young eyes to the color and sweep of past events. The petty details of time and place are insignificant beside an understanding of how the event influenced the people of that time and the generations to come.

Practising Pianist

WHEN WE dropped around to see Ray Dudley, he was playing the piano. "Practising," he explained. "I have a concert in a couple of weeks' time." He practises for from four to seven hours each day, and this has been going on since his early 'teens in Bowmanville. "It could be rough on the neighbors," he said, "but they're absolutely wonderful. They're a young couple, living in the house here. If I have a long stretch of finger exercises ahead, I tell them and they just go out for a while."

From Bowmanville he went to the Royal Conservatory. He finished there last year, winning the $1,000 Eaton Award as the outstanding student of the year, then went on to Geneva, where he won the International Competition for Musical Performers, an event that attracted representatives from 33 countries. Arrau and Malcuzynski were previous winners of this competition.

Practising isn't a chore. "Music means more to me than anything else," the 22-year-old pianist said quietly.

RAY DUDLEY: Practising no chore.

"I felt I should take a rest from it once, one summer when I took a job as a steward on a Canadian Pacific steamship. But then somebody found I could play the piano, and after that I had to give a concert every Sunday night."

After winning at Geneva, he toured Europe, and he will be going back there next month on the first lap of a three-year contract he recently signed with Columbia Artists. At 150 pounds, he's a slim six-footer. He likes skiing and does a little painting in oils, "but just in whatever time I have left after practising." And that will be his routine until his concert days are finished.

Adenauer's Proposal

CHANCELLOR Adenauer of Germany is a practical and subtle politician, and when he makes what appears to be a naive suggestion to some other country, one must look around the corners of his words to find his purpose. He made such a suggestion the other day, when he proposed that German farmers be allowed to migrate to Canada for periods up to four years, that they retain their nationality while here, and then return to "recolonize" the eastern zone of Germany as soon as the divided Reich was made whole again.

It was an ingenuous and optimistic proposal. It would seem Chancellor Adenauer thinks that the eastern and western zones of Germany will come together during the next three or four years. Meanwhile, the refugees moving constantly from east to west would work for their board in Canada (and probably put away some useful cash) until the time they could return, refreshed and invigorated, to help build a re-united Reich.

Canada needs people, it is true—but people whose lives will be spent here, whose work will be a part of our development, whose families will help fill our spaces. Chancellor Adenauer undoubtedly knows this, and he knows, too, that our Government has not been in any great rush to get the people we need. It is likely, then, that he expected his proposal to be received with cool disinterest in Ottawa. At the same time, he has succeeded in attracting Canadian attention to the refugee problem in the western zone of Germany. He has given himself a starting point for a dicker with Canada on immigration.

Citizenship Minister Harris gave an oblique answer to Adenauer when he observed sombrely that German refugees making their way past the Communist border guards would have to be very carefully screened, because the Communists are nasty enough to slip in some ringers. Mr. Harris's caution in this case is a good thing, and the German Chancellor will, if he pursues his inquiries, find it a permanent condition.

Personal

NEWFOUNDLAND'S Premier Joseph Smallwood has lost none of his journalistic ability since he quit being a newspaperman to become a politician. He was the most strenuous and most plausible advocate of confederation with Canada; with that mission successfully accomplished, he became his province's prime minister and most industrious booster. He presents Newfoundland's case with skill on page 7, in an article written specially for SATURDAY NIGHT.

Letters

Unity and Loyalty

TWO THINGS I cannot understand about the recent letter attacking our Monarchy. The first is, how anyone could write such a despicable thing; and second, why it should be published.

There are a hundred reasons why the Monarchy has a very real place in our scheme of government. Let me cite just one: Canada would have been torn apart by internal dissension long before this had there been no royal symbol to give our diverse people a sense of unity.

Particularly in time of war has this been obvious. Your correspondent is obviously misled by the apparent complacency which exists in the piping days of peace. Let any grave emergency threaten the nation, and immediately there is a great surge of united patriotism, and this is given direction and purpose by the inherent loyalty to the Crown.

Was your correspondent here when the present Queen visited Canada? If he was, he would have heard the remarks of the New Canadians. Dozens of them told me how they had suddenly realized that they were part not only of one great nation, but of a whole family of great nations. If that isn't worthwhile, I don't know what is.

Sydney, N.S. IAN MACDONALD

Dismal Drones

I HAVE noted a much sharper, more critical tone in recent issues of SATURDAY NIGHT . . . If you are looking for subjects, I would suggest you listen to Sunday broadcasts from the churches. Seldom will you hear any minister speak in anything but a dismal, dreary, dyspeptic drone. Even when they read the beautiful and wonderful words of the Scriptures, they sound as if they were not only bored stiff but practically nauseated. They get a little more life into their voices when they talk about the "offering," but their sermons are even more dreary than their reading, if that is possible.

Why this should be so, I do not know. Perhaps you can explain it. But the Bible, to me, is the finest, most readable book there is; and the Christian religion is a happy and splendid faith that can encompass all men; the words of Christ have a power to lift and inspire that cannot be found anywhere else. Why, then, do our preachers destroy the beauty of our religion by their funereal tones?

Regina R. W. SAMPSON

Defends Opinions

IN REGARD to the views of the learned Queen's Counsel, Mr. W. Kent Power, on Divorce (March 7), commenting on my own previously expressed views, I must take respectful exception to them.

The substance of my argument seems to have escaped him. . .

All citizens have an interest in the welfare of society. Divorce, as I see it, indicates a breakdown of a vital social unit, namely the family. As such it is a symptom of crisis in the social body and potentially a cause of national decline. Therefore, everyone, regardless of religious affiliation, is entitled, even called upon, to oppose extension of the grounds for divorce and the inevitable increase in the number of divorces . . .

Is there any logic in the basic assumption of the present divorce law that a man can afford to support two or more families?

Vancouver HECTOR MACRAE

Bottle Influence

ON PAGE 3 of the March 14 issue you have a short piece entitled "Plenty of Scope."

After reading it I realized that there was plenty of scope for improvement. While candy cigarettes may not be harmful they could conceivably be a means of setting up a habit pattern which at an early age might drift into the cigarette habit. Although I am a smoker myself, I always admire a non-smoker . . .

Generally speaking, I have never heard anyone say that smoking is good for a person. In other words it never serves any useful purpose.

On the other hand, baby bottles, learning how to read, arithmetic, if rightly used are forces for the nourishment and betterment of the child.

They, like tobacco, have possible evil influences; but unlike tobacco, they have a far greater influence for the good of the individual.

KENNETH V. HARROLD

Willowdale, Ont.

Courts and Freedom

IN HIS LETTER from New York in your issue of March 14, in which he discusses the Jelke vice trial, Anthony West raises a number of points of importance for Canadians. He is on firm ground when he suggests that the press of the United States (we might add, "and of Canada") has largely abandoned the attempt to give the public a clear idea of the growth and development of law, with the result that the public view of legal proceedings gets more hazy and confused . . .

But Mr. West is guilty of a dangerous over-simplification, and seems to be the victim of laziness and confusion, when he says that what is involved in the controversy over the refusal of the judge to admit the press to the Jelke trial is "a fairly simple confusion between the public right to know the judgment and to hear the evidence. The newspapers consider that the foundation of liberty and freedom resides in their right to sit at the press table and to extract drama and interest from the stories told by witnesses. The law considers the foundation of liberty is the judge's decision and the official report." Not at all. Though it is no doubt important for liberty that the judge's decision should not be private, the principal that in general all judicial proceedings, including the hearing of evidence, should be open to the public, should be in open court, is the true foundation of liberty and freedom, and for present purposes the press is part of the public.

In all British countries, and possibly in the United States, the fundamental principle is that all judicial proceedings must be in open court. To this principle certain exceptions are sometimes admitted for good reason (as, for example, where trade secrets are involved and publicity would defeat the very purpose of the proceedings, to shield infants and the victims of sex criminals, to keep order in the court and, in some jurisdictions, for the sake of public decency and morality), but the principle remains. It is based on the knowledge that the best guarantee of justice, of individual rights, is that the public has a clear idea of what goes on in the administration of justice, and that it cannot know what goes on if justice is administered in secret.

The question in the Jelke controversy is whether under the laws applying in the state of New York an exception to the principle of the open court was justified in the circumstances of the case and, if so, whether those laws are on balance sound. The immediate issue of the Jelke trial apart — the trial of a man alleged to have taken the proceeds of compulsory prostitution—there *is* in the controversy arising from it a great issue of civil liberties involved, in spite of what Mr. West asserts, and one of the highest significance for Canadians. An esteemed English historian has ranked the publicity of judicial proceedings even higher than the rights of Parliament as a guarantee of public security.

Montreal G. V. V. NICHOLLS

Social Credit Theory

YOUR ARTICLE on Social Credit by John A. Irving is interesting; yet I note he does not give the A + B theorem very completely. There is one item in the B column, namely profits for industry, not mentioned.

It is quite definite you cannot accept Social Credit unless you accept the A + B theorem. It guarantees to industry a just profit and places a debt against the country to pay this profit. This debt is never to be paid. It is impossible for industry to become insolvent even under poor management. It is my contention that if you place a debt against your country in order to pay industry a profit, eventually industry will own the country. This, to me, makes Social Credit scientifically unsound and I fail to see how it can operate. If it were tried it might be disastrous.

Meadowvale, Ont. W. H. CONKLIN

WHATEVER may be the personal views of Dr. Manning, and whatever Mr. Aberhart may have thought, there is no doubt that anti-Semitism is condoned, if not encouraged, in the Social Credit Party. One need only listen to their leader in the Federal House, Mr. Low, to be aware of that . . .

The real virtue of the Social Credit government has been that it is financially honest. But if the price paid for this material honesty is to be warped minds, prejudiced because of race or color or religion; censorship of books and films with its implication of restriction on the freedom and independence of men's minds, it is a pretty high price.

Ottawa MARJORIE JAMES

Reading Aloud

AS A MAN who earns his living by putting words on paper and then reading those words out loud, I seldom indulge myself to the point of reading, aloud, the words of others. Therefore my salaams to Robertson Davies.

His book reviews are so penetrating and so well phrased, that I find myself reading them aloud to my wife and sons. His contribution "Of the Human Predicament" (March 14) was so well done that the part about Dr. Polatin's "Well Adjusted Personality" was read aloud twice.

Can't remember doing that sort of thing since the four young Sinclairs wanted to hear about Goldilocks.

Toronto GORDON SINCLAIR

Training Drivers

I RECALL some years ago, when Driver Training was started in the Kitchener-Waterloo Collegiate you had an article commending the effort, as did papers throughout Canada and this movement has now grown to the point where Driver Training is taught in schools from Victoria, B.C. to St. John, Nfld. I might say that out of some 600 graduates from the local Driver Training School not a single one of these students have received a ticket for even a minor traffic violation. This record is not only equalled but is substantiated by High Schools throughout the entire United States. To me the cause of our accidents can be summed up as first, Selfishness, second, Ignorance and third, Unreliability . . .

You cannot teach an old dog new tricks and we who learned to drive many years ago have acquired bad habits which cannot be corrected at this late date, but we can start with our youth, and no one is more competent to instruct than people who have been educated to pass on knowledge to others — our teachers.

I am a tax payer and a heavy one but I am not objecting to paying taxes for this purpose, because eventually it will pay off in reduced casualty premiums, as well as hospital costs, and I am not putting a price tag on an individual's life.

Kitchener A. W. SANDROCK

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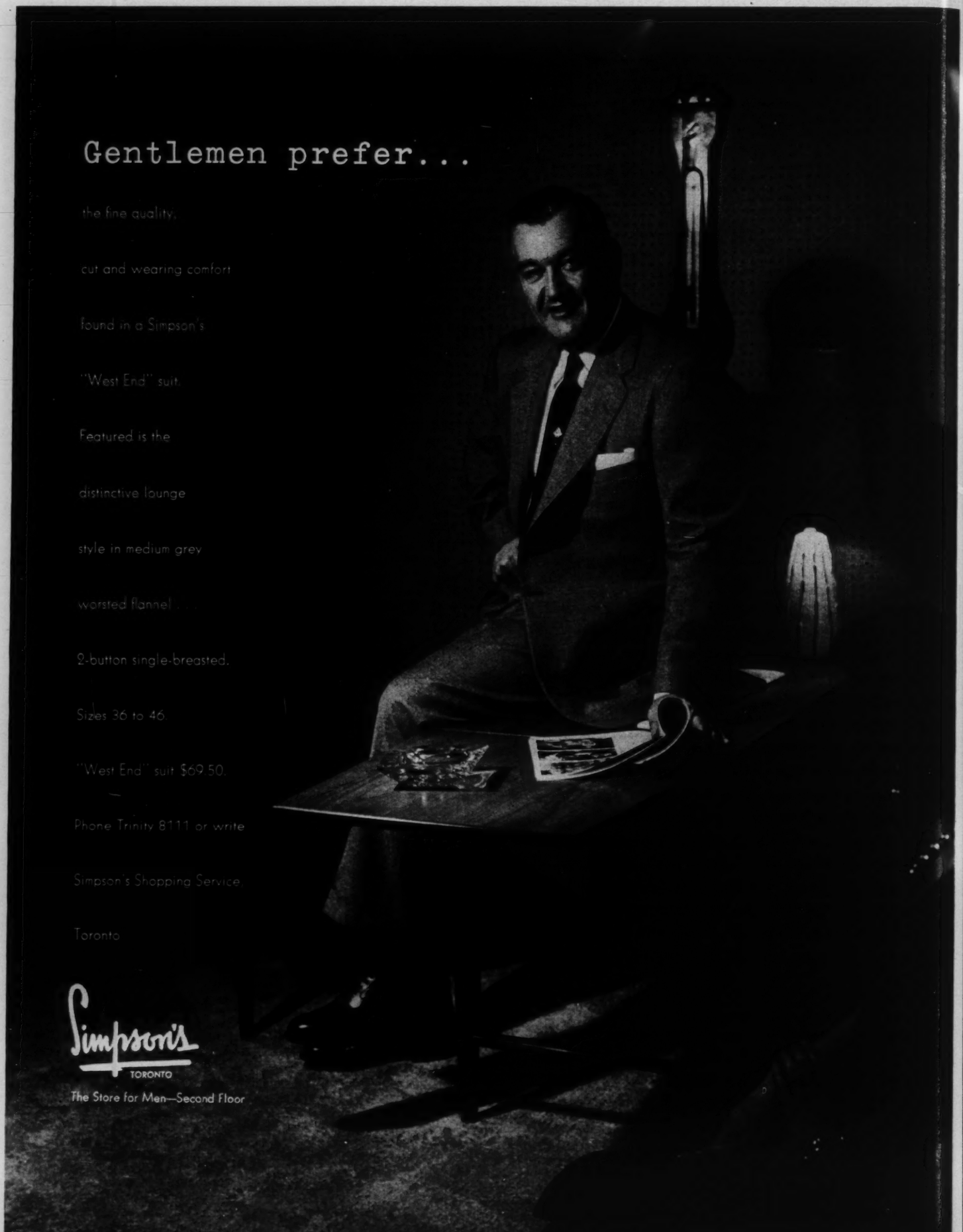

Simpson's
TORONTO

The Store for Men—Second Floor

Newfoundland Wakes From Long Sleep

By JOSEPH R. SMALLWOOD

NFB

"Economic development first": Boston engineer Frank Russell (right) compares notes with Ted McNeill, a staff engineer, while making a survey for a new hydro project in Newfoundland.

OVER WHEN NEWFOUNDLAND became a Province of Canada, we could have drawn ourselves up and said coldly: "All right, you brute, I've married you—now make me happy." It would not have been without precedent.

We preferred to do everything in our power to make the marriage a success. We have succeeded brilliantly, for it is one of the happiest marriages of modern times.

Newfoundlanders, being islanders, are proud, sensitive, even touchy. Some Newfoundlanders were heart-broken to see their country's ancient isolation ended by union with Canada. A few wore crepe on their sleeves and on their front doors, and flew black flags on Union Day. An occasional one cried, for the campaign that accompanied the referendum was charged with emotion.

If I may write a personal word, my own feeling, as one who had worked to make Newfoundland a Province of Canada, was that Confederation had to be made to work. That meant, and could only mean, that Newfoundland had to contribute to the nation as well as receive from it. We had to carry our weight. We had to develop Newfoundland. If we threw ourselves upon Ottawa we were lost. Confederation would be a wretched failure, I would be ashamed to be seen in public.

We had been a British colony for long centuries, and we did not join Canada to become a Canadian colony. It was an immediate result of union that our imports from the mainland of Canada shot up twice and three times what they have been, so that Newfoundland almost overnight became Canada's greatest new customer of the present century. But that is not the result for which we joined Canada—merely to become a market for mainland goods. We had all become weary of our colonial status.

As I see Confederation, Newfoundland overnight, from a colony of 152,000 square miles and 370,000 souls, became a nation of millions of square miles and 14 million people. Our western boundary stretched to the Pacific. Did we have the skill, drive and daring to occupy this vast market for the products of our Newfoundland economy? That surely depended on the kind of products we had to sell. We could not see much future market within Canada for our newsprint, iron ore, base metals, salted or frozen fish and fish oils, for Canada is a great exporter of these things. I could not see why, however, Quebec and Ontario must be the only manufacturing Provinces of Canada.

If we can deliver them by cheap water routes, I still cannot see why we cannot sell factory products in Quebec and Ontario. I know we must have more than cheap water-lifted freight rates. We must have modern machinery, highly skilled industrial know-how, industrious labor, and salesmanship. These we have brought in from Europe, and already we are selling shiploads of cement in Ontario. Soon we shall be delivering excellent birch plywood and hardwood flooring, the best pressed-board in the world, leather, leather-clothing, dyed and dressed furs, storage batteries, gypsum wallboard, optical goods, light machinery, cotton textiles, and other products.

The movement of real trade will not always be just east-bound. Newfoundland refuses to become a Canadian colony.

Our drive to develop Newfoundland has to be carried on in three fields: industry, natural resources, and public services.

In the matter of public services, the Maritime Provinces were notoriously the most under-developed part of Canada; but the Maritime Provinces, on the day we became a Province, were just as far ahead of us as Ontario was ahead of them. When we travelled to Nova Scotia we felt sinful envy of the advanced state of their roads, hospitals, schools, municipal developments and other public services. The only occasion that Maritimers had to feel superior in these respects was when they visited Newfoundland. Perhaps, after visiting Quebec and Ontario, they needed to visit us to restore their self-respect.

But Newfoundland can catch up to where Nova Scotia was a quarter of a century ago in roads, hospitals, schools and the rest only if our economy can afford to pay for the privilege. Economic development must precede public services.

We travel now to the mainland of Canada at much less cost than in years past, and when we do we are still in our own country. No customs or immigration officers interfere now. It is fatally easy to get to Ontario and Quebec nowadays, and very tempting to stay there if we go. Our job is to transplant some of Ontario to Newfoundland, by making Newfoundland an easier place in which to live and rear families. All this means economic development: developing our natural resources and starting factories. If we don't provide our people with jobs, they'll go where the jobs are to be found.

We were ludicrously ignorant of what natural resources we had. Our ignorance of them was exceeded only by our big talk of our "inexhaustible, untapped natural resources." The first great job was to launch a very intensive (and, I fear, expensive) drive to discover, measure and map those alleged natural resources on the Island of Newfoundland and in our 110,000-square-mile territory on the mainland of Canada, Labrador. It cost many hundreds of thousands of dollars, but we did a first-rate job of it. We know now at least 100 times as much as we did on the day we became a Province, and what we know makes us very happy.

AT BELL ISLAND, Dosco is working one of the world's largest deposits of iron-ore—perhaps there are 5,000 million tons of it there. At Buchans, the American Smelting and Refining Company is working what is generally regarded as the world's richest copper-lead-zinc-silver-gold mine. At St. Lawrence, Alcan and another company are working what the United States Bureau of Mines calls the world's largest deposit of rich-grade fluorspar. Now we know that these mines can be duplicated several times in Newfoundland and Labrador. The world is going to hear a lot more about our minerals in the next year or two.

In 1953 Newfoundland and Labrador are going to witness the greatest drive for minerals that any part of North America has ever experienced. Labrador especially, I believe, is due to get more attention from mineral hunters than even Alberta has had from oil men. A. S. & R., American Metals, Frobisher, Falconbridge Nickel, American Zinc, Lead and Smelting, National Lead, Rio Tinto, Anglo-American Corporation of South Africa, Aluminum Company of Canada, Reynolds Metals, are only a few of the great mining companies interested. John Fox, that almost legendary figure in Boston, is spending $1 million this year to back his belief that we will get oil and natural gas on our west coast.

And we must not forget what brought Newfoundland into existence—fish. Our waters are sluggish with the myriads of valuable fish of many kinds that the world needs. It is one of the greatest of all the world's protein-rich foods. If it were possible to do it, you could cover Newfoundland's 42,000 square miles (three times Nova Scotia's size) three feet thick with the fish that are in the waters along the 6,000 miles of our island coast, and the 1,500 miles of our Labrador coast. The fisheries, if they received a fraction of the drive put into oil, for instance, could support a larger population than we have in Newfoundland. They must be industrialized. This is one thing in which, frankly, we need Ottawa's help. We don't ask Ottawa for much, for we think it is our duty to develop our own resources; but we do need help to modernize our fisheries.

Newfoundland was asleep for centuries. We were nine miles from Canada in the Straits of Belle Isle, and ninety miles in the Cabot Strait, but we were 100 years from her until we became a Province. We are still fifty years from her economically. It is a giant task to get Newfoundland launched into the broad stream of North American living, yet nothing less will satisfy.

Then we can realize that gentle ambition to get to where the Maritime Provinces were twenty-five years ago in roads, hospitals, schools and other public services.

It is a glorious effort, and we Newfoundlanders are having the time of our lives. One day we expect to invite people down here from Upper Canada to see the most energetic, ambitious and prosperous Province of Canada.

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The Literary Life

Cocktails and Canapés

SHORTLY after I became what is laughingly referred to as a published author, a snobbish friend of mine said, "I sure envy you. Now you'll be able to mix with the social set." Up to then the thought had never occurred to me that writing and the social life had anything in common, and the thought occurs to me even less since meeting the literati on their home ground. But strangely enough there are many people who use a literary reputation, no matter how tenuous, to advance themselves on the social front.

The claws of these literary lions are blunted by handling tea-cups rather than by pounding typewriter keys, but they have learned to mouth *hors d'oeuvres* along with their inanities, and eat their cake with a fork—and the literary snobs clutch them to their flattened bosoms as they'd clutch a Gutenberg first edition.

Next to a funeral service for a pet cat there is nothing so ridiculous as a literary tea. Most legitimate authors avoid them as they would an outbreak of anthrax and the hosts usually end up serving watered drinks to the same old matriarchs, spinsters and fruity young men who make a habit of turning up regularly at these affairs. Another group which attends these bookish *auto-da-fés* is a hard to define segment of the elderly male population whose members function as literary dowsers, able to discover, through built-in divining rods, all free liquid refreshments within a ten-mile area.

Although he later learns the folly of accepting literary invitations, the beginning author is usually forced to appear at one cocktail party (his own) at the outset of his career. His publishers take this opportunity to introduce him to a few book store proprietors, librarians and critics and then leave him stranded in the middle of a group of well-padded parties who could be mistaken for ex-Floradora Girls, rooming-house keepers or superannuated madams. All of them seem to have more affinity with bookies than with books, and although they gush over this fresh addition to the literary ranks, none of them has ever read a word he's written.

The new author has been looking forward for years to meeting members of his own species, but he finds very few of them at his coming-out party. He tries to spot the successful authors by their conversation, clothes and general demeanour, but usually misses by the length of *Anthony Adverse*.

The tall man in tweeds hovering near the bar looks the way an author should look, and so, with a deprecatory smile, our young author approaches him. He turns out to be quite affable and friendly, and our neophyte takes advantage of the moment to spin a long dissertation on current literary affairs. The other listens to him politely, nods sagely now and then in the right places, and occasionally offers a *bon mot* of his own. Finally, after the third or fourth cocktail, they introduce themselves; the tweedy individual turns out to be a chartered accountant who has his office in the publishers' building, and what's more he's never even heard of our hero before.

Making sure that he won't be caught like that again, our author steers clear of further hit-or-miss conversational entanglements and nods frigidly in answer to the warm smiles turned his way by a dear old lady wearing a velvet choker, and a shabby unshaven man standing by himself with a drink in one hand and a *Racing Form* in the other. The next day he discovers that he has high-hatted the only two *bona fide* authors in the joint: one of the leading female novelists of the day, and a man whose short stories have been an inspiration since his high-school days.

THE THING that all new and future authors should realize is that literary cocktail parties are merely excuses for old friends and enemies to meet each other over a drink, and that none of the guests has any interest whatsoever in the new author who is being introduced. The lady novelists are there primarily to price each other's clothes, the newspaper critics and male writers go there for a free drink, the librarians make an appearance in the hopes of finding a husband, the booksellers are there to get a line on their rivals' lists, and the great majority are hung-over disc-jockeys, out-of-work actors, advertising receptionists who filch their boss's party invitations, and the assistant editors of trade journals who supplement their incomes by free-loading from the canapé tray.

At my debut my publishers pulled a novel stunt, and, instead of me autographing copies of my *magnum opus*, a copy was autographed by the assembled guests and presented to me. This switch saved the publishers the price of a score of free copies of the book and gave me the strangest collection of autographs assembled on a document since the signing of the Japanese Peace Treaty. I can decipher about half of them and of these, two are literary figures. There is one signature that I used to kid myself belonged to George Bernard Shaw, but lately I've become reconciled to the idea that it is really the name of a salesman who travels in wicker furniture, and who found the party while searching for the men's room.

Although the literary reception may be deadly, the bookish *soirée* is

positively necrological. These affairs are usually put on by a group of ex-Girl Guides who have given in to a strange urge to broaden their minds as well as their hips. Through a dulcet-toned doll on the entertainment committee, they manage to rope in several people who have a nodding acqlaintance with the written word. The first of these affairs I attended became my last at the precise moment that an Amazon with a mustache like Marshall Budyenny's stepped to the podium and began to recite a piece of her own poesy called, "Light of Life — Past Enduring". I may be mistaken about the title, however, for due to the mood I was in by then, and the way she stretched her a's, it sounded like, "Light the light, Pa's appearing," — which would have been an improvement.

We had no sooner recovered from this exposure to native culture than a mousey little man with a loose upper plate took the centre of the stage, accompanied by a wave of applause which would have gladdened the hearts of William Faulkner and G. K. Chesterton combined.

I was hypnotized by his clattering dentures, but I heard enough of his speech to know that he was bewailing the economic position of the author in modern society. This was a subject dear to my heart, so I applauded with the rest of the audience when he finished. Toward the end of the evening I asked a club member who the little man was. She looked at me as if I'd questioned her daughter's legitimacy and informed me icily that he was Mr. Borstad, the president's husband. Later on I discovered that he had once authored a sexy little tome called "The Stamp Lover's Encyclopaedia".

The act which followed Mr. Borstad on the *programme* was made up of a man and woman who were the co-authors of a children's history book. In all fairness to this unhappy duo, I must admit that they stretched an uninteresting subject to interminable lengths without once waking the sleepers in the last two rows of seats.

The evening dragged on and on as various other literary relics spoke about their pasts, and for the finale (s'help me) the female Marshall Budyenny recited some of Shakespeare's sonnets, while she accompanied herself on the harpsichord.

By this time, the ex-Girl Guides' girdles were beginning to pinch, and I was feeling a little seat-bound myself. When the chairwoman announced that the speeches were over and that coffee would be served, I relaxed and tried to make like a visiting celebrity. My languid pose only lasted a minute though, for I was pressed into service as a waiter. By means of skilful maneuvering, I managed to work my way to the door, grabbed my hat and coat, and emerged into the wonderful noisy, smoky, unliterary night.

Over the years authors have evolved hundreds of far-fetched excuses to protect themselves from debilitating contact with the literary set. At least one of them, to my knowledge, made an unnecessary trip to California just to escape a speaking engagement before a Women's Literary Guild, and considered the money well spent.

If you were to fire grape and canister through the assembled memberships of all the literary clubs from Digby to Dawson City, your bag would include almost every variety of literary character except writers. While any so-called author who managed to get in the way of your fusilade would be considered fair game under most provincial conservation laws.

The literary party, whether it be a luncheon, cocktail or tea, is an anachronism that brings together authors who do not write and book lovers who do not read. And it is not always the visiting authors who get the worst of the deal.

One of the saddest sights this side of the Iron Curtain is that of fifty or a hundred innocent citizens being bored to death by a stammering stumblebum who accepts a speaking engagement and then discovers that he has nothing to say. Authors who fancy themselves as orators should cultivate a vaudeville routine to amuse their audiences. The lady novelists could either give a cooking demonstration or an illustrated display of flower arrangements, while the males could entertain with sleight-of-hand tricks or by writing deathless prose on a blackboard. Any change at all from the *status quo* would be a forward step in our cultural life, and it might even induce book lovers to read.

Absolutely the worst kind of party to dim the gleam in a tyro author's eye is what is extravagantly called the "autographing party." This is a form of ordeal by fire in which a nervous young man or woman sit at a table in a bookstore and catch peanuts in their teeth, tossed to them by giggling middle-aged women shoppers with tired feet. Unless the author is accompanied by a movie star wife or husband he or she would draw a bigger crowd demonstrating linoleum cleaner in the hardware department, and the questions asked would make more sense. A well-known author friend of mine was placed on exhibition this way in one of the country's biggest department stores last year. This store has been selling an average of twenty copies of his novel every day, but on the day he autographed his books the sales slid to five, two copies being bought by his sister.

The mésalliance between the speaking writer and the listening reader is beyond redemption, but they continue living together in the hope that something short of death or divorce will end their unhappy union.

At a literary cocktail party some years ago my dalliance with the punch bowl was interrupted by the feminine head of the welcoming committee and her coterie of dedicated followers. She, dear old soul, slithered up to me at the bar and asked, in a voice that filled the room, "Tell me, Mr. Garner, do you write your books yourself?"

I peered at her over the rim of my glass and answered loudly but politely, "No, Ma'am. I usually get my mother to collaborate with me on the swear words!"

Since that day, for some reason or another, I have never been invited to a literary tea. Which serves me right!

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METROPOLITAN LIFE BUSINESS REPORT FOR 1952

ASSETS WHICH ASSURE FULFILMENT OF OBLIGATIONS

Bonds		$7,996,545,124.86
U.S. Government	$1,844,608,305.55	
Canadian Government	143,537,746.75	
Provincial and Municipal	66,051,354.87	
Railroad	660,243,225.66	
Public Utility	1,514,241,381.02	
Industrial and Miscellaneous	3,767,863,111.01	
Stocks — All but $18,064,177.72 are preferred or guaranteed.		177,509,022.72
Mortgage Loans on Real Estate		2,076,077,747.18
On urban properties	$1,914,495,597.64	
On farms	161,582,149.54	
Real Estate (after decrease by adjustment of $1,900,000 in the aggregate)		439,058,209.64
Housing projects and other real estate acquired for investment	$391,638,408.63	
Properties for Company use	46,718,864.57	
Acquired in satisfaction of mortgage indebtedness (of which $2,059,121.24 is under contract of sale)	2,600,936.44	
Loans on Policies — Made to policyholders on the security of their policies.		465,211,481.47
Cash and Bank Deposits		175,519,891.02
Premiums, Deferred and in Course of Collection		161,709,504.12
Accrued Interest, Rents, etc.		100,898,064.65
TOTAL ASSETS TO MEET OBLIGATIONS		$11,592,529,045.66

OBLIGATIONS TO POLICYHOLDERS, BENEFICIARIES, AND OTHERS

Statutory Policy Reserves — This amount, required by law, together with future premiums and interest, is necessary to assure payment of future policy benefits.	$9,856,893,709.00
Policy Proceeds and Dividends Left with Company at Interest — Funds left with the Company by beneficiaries and policyholders to be paid to them later.	653,976,566.00
Reserved for Dividends to Policyholders — Set aside for payment in 1953 to those policyholders eligible to receive them.	181,782,277.00
Policy Claims Currently Outstanding — Claims in process of settlement, and estimated claims that have occurred but have not yet been reported.	55,011,011.17
Other Policy Obligations — Including premiums received in advance and special reserves for mortality and morbidity fluctuations.	76,947,311.14
Taxes Accrued (payable in 1953)	47,012,225.46
Security Valuation Reserve — Prescribed by the National Association of Insurance Commissioners.	23,176,699.00
Contingency Reserve for Mortgage Loans	7,150,000.00
All Other Obligations	25,851,692.57
TOTAL OBLIGATIONS	$10,927,801,491.34

SURPLUS FUNDS

Special Surplus Funds	$106,783,000.00	
Unassigned Surplus	557,944,554.32	
TOTAL SURPLUS FUNDS		664,727,554.32
TOTAL OBLIGATIONS AND SURPLUS FUNDS		$11,592,529,045.66

NOTE — Assets amounting to $552,449,409.65 are deposited with various public officials under the requirements of law or regulatory authority.

SOME FACTS ABOUT METROPOLITAN'S OPERATIONS IN CANADA

These high lights of the Company's business in Canada, during 1952, our 80th year in this country, will be of particular interest to Metropolitan's Canadian policyholders and their beneficiaries.

Payments to Policyholders and Beneficiaries

Metropolitan paid in 1952 to its Canadian policyholders and their beneficiaries $45,499,950 in death claims — matured policies — accident and health and disability benefits — dividends and other payments. Of this amount, 68% was paid to living policyholders.

The total amount the Metropolitan has paid to Canadians since it entered Canada in 1872, plus the amount now invested in Canada, exceeds the total premiums received from Canadians by more than $416,000,000.

Life Insurance in Force

In 1952, Canadians bought $253,039,328 of new Life insurance protection in the Metropolitan, and at the year's end the Company was serving 2,530,000 Life insurance policyholders in Canada insured for $2,821,693,811. Of this amount, 56% was Ordinary business, 27% was Industrial and 17% was Group.

Total Investments in Canada

Metropolitan investments in Canada amounted to $637,590,599 at the end of 1952. These investments are playing an important part in the economy of Canada with substantial totals of Federal, Provincial, and Municipal bonds and with sizeable totals in the obligations of steel and paper companies, the oil industry, railroads, electric light and power companies, and others.

Health and Welfare Work

Since 1909 Metropolitan has conducted a continuous health education campaign in Canada and during 1952 participated in numerous activities. More than 2,200,000 pamphlets on a variety of health and safety topics were distributed — monthly health advertisements appeared in national publications — "Good Hints for Good Health" was a daily feature on many radio stations.

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Music

Greatest Achievement

THE GREATEST of all Easter music is the *St Matthew Passion* of Johann Sebastian Bach, and it is a happy tradition that has made this noble work the usual musical expression of our Eastertide religious feelings. The greatest religious music is among the greatest music ever composed, but very often religious music is quite meretricious musically, taking what values it may possess from sentimental associations, childhood attachments, or its intention to express admirable feelings.

But the *St Matthew Passion* represents the greatest of all human achievements, one in which the utmost profundity of thought and emotion is united with the utmost power of expression.

The *St Matthew Passion,* fittingly, is the oratorio of God the Son, just as *The Creation* of Haydn is the oratorio of God the Father, and the *B Minor Mass* of Bach is the oratorio of God the Holy Ghost. In this respect, the *St Matthew Passion* resembles *The Messiah* of Handel; but there is a profound difference in point of view between these two great masterpieces. *The Messiah* is a comedy, in the sense in which the word is used in the *Divine Comedy*. It tells of Christ the King, and His final triumph, and it is no accident that its great climax should be the *Hallelujah Chorus,* nor that the climax of that chorus should come on the words: Lord of Lords, and King of Kings. *The Messiah* begins in tenderness and hope, and passing through the darkness of the shadow, emerges at last into an eternal splendor. Just as the *Divine Comedy* is the highest literary expression of Comedy, so *The Messiah* is its highest musical expression.

The *St Matthew Passion,* on the other hand, is the highest musical expression of tragedy. Its viewpoint is the tragic viewpoint: how are the mighty fallen! The sense with which it is permeated is the tragic sense: that the great moments of the soul are played out on a darkening stage, dominated by the serene gaze of Destiny.

We are nowadays accustomed to think of tragedy in Shakespeare's terms. But before him, and above him, come the Greeks: Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripedes. In the Greek world tragedy was part of a religious festival, a celebration of the mysteries of the gods. The beliefs and stories which we call Greek mythology were alive in those days. Some people literally believed all of them; others, while not believing in their literal truth, regarded them as valuable and living symbols of spiritual truths and spiritual attitudes.

This is a point of view which we can never recapture, and to this extent, even the greatest of the Greek tragedies has died for ever. When we are told that performance of *The Eumenides* by Aeschylus had to be forbidden because his representation of the Chorus of the Furies struck such terror into the audience, we understand what was meant; but we do not feel it. We do not believe in the actual living reality of the Furies as symbols of the implacable pursuit of remorse of conscience.

Some of the power of those great choruses still remains, but to us the experience is a deep theatrical one. To the original audience, it was also a deep religious one. And no doubt even the theatrical element was much enhanced by the music and by dancing.

But those elements whose absence frustrates our experience with the Greek tragedies, are all present in the *St Matthew Passion.* The action is laid out in the usual manner of tragedy. The story is unfolded an incident at a time, with the very characters represented in person. In between these incidents come the reflective interludes. Sometimes these are elaborate choruses; sometimes solos, or duets, sometimes chorale verses for the audience to sing. When the significance of the incident has been fully explored and the tension and expectation raised to a new height, the action is resumed.

Just as in the Greek tragedies, the choir that helps to deliver the reflective passages also takes part in the action when occasion arises; as the angry mob, or the gathering of apostles. This is a slight difference from the Greek convention, in which the chorus always participates in the same character.

Dancing, of course, is absent; but the singing is carefully arranged into visual patterns, so that the eye as well as the ear is stimulated by the phrases tossed back and forth in the opening and closing choruses and elsewhere. As for the enrichment by music, it is hard to imagine that even the masters of Greek tragedy could produce a more moving musical impression on their audiences than Bach has produced upon us.

In the *St Matthew Passion,* the academic devices of music (counterpoint and the like) never appear as exercises in technique. Instead they serve to interweave discipline and complexity so as to give the work an onward rhythm as living, elaborate and inevitable as the progress of the seasons. Gems of detail are liberally scattered throughout. Everybody has his favorite passages; mine, I think, is the aria for tenor with oboe accompaniment: I Would Beside My Lord Be Watching. The words of Christ are always accompanied by soft chords in the strings, which sets them aside from everything else. The narrating Evangelist is always given music of direct and pungent force, excruciatingly difficult to sing, but when well sung full of expression and variety.

The great parallel between the *St Matthew Passion* and the ancient tragedy lies in the ending. It is a very singular thing that one of the greatest of all pieces of Christian music should rise to a resolute and momentous climax on a situation which flatly defies Christian doctrine. The *St Matthew Passion* is Good Friday music. There is no hint of the Resurrection. Christ suffers for mankind, and dies a cruel death at the hands of His persecutors. Our lives are enriched by His example, but the triumph in heaven that ends *The Messiah* is not even suggested. Christ the Hero lies dead; His sufferings are over, and in one of the most momentous of all funeral orations the great double chorus closes the work by taking leave of the Hero gone beyond His sufferings, almost in the words a mother might use to a sleeping child.

The Tragedy is concluded; in awe and solemnity the *St Matthew Passion* sweeps to a close. Destiny has achieved its purpose and is at rest once more. The shade falls, and the only light is that shining inner glow that comes from all tragedy: the realization that Fate at its most implacable, while it may destroy the spirit need not convince it. If Easter Day never came again, this at least would remain.

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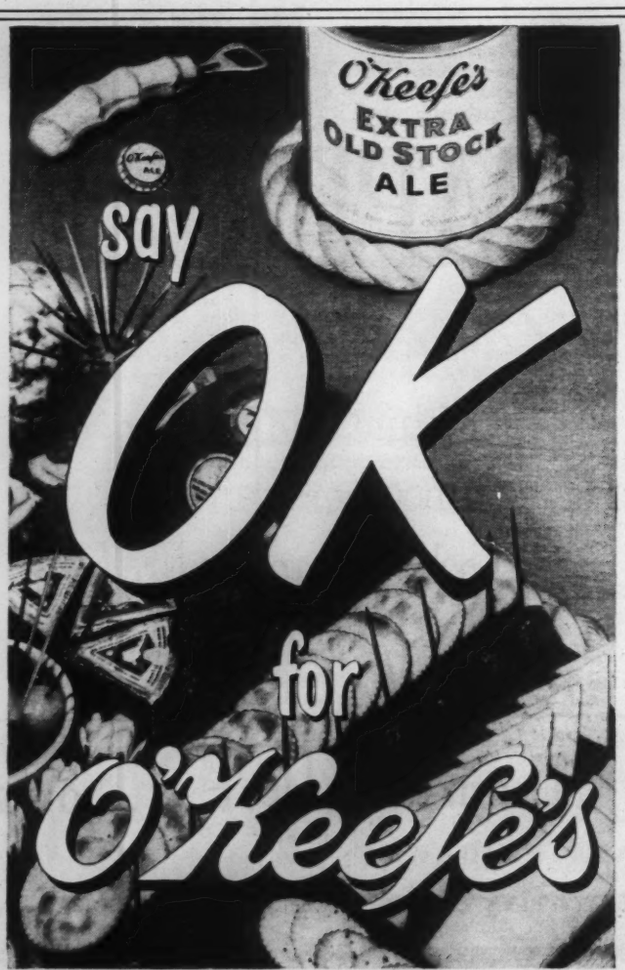

Ottawa Letter

Humiliation in the Commons

PRIME MINISTER St. Laurent must surely be convinced by the humiliating experience which befell him on March 16, that a drastic house-cleaning in the Department of National Defence is long overdue.

The story begins with a request made by the Department of National Defence to the Civil Service Commission for additional personnel. The Commission suspected that this Department was already overstaffed, and it instructed one of its officials, Ronald Macnab, to make an investigation for the purpose of ascertaining whether the request was justified. The report of Mr. Macnab confirmed the suspicions of the Commission, as it asserted, with the support of concrete evidence, that the Department was not making efficient use of the staff already on its payroll and criticized severely the laxity of its administrative practices.

Somehow Arthur Blakely, the Ottawa correspondent of the Montreal *Gazette*, was in a position to quote some damaging extracts from Mr. Macnab's report. Members of the opposition repeated them in the House of Commons and demanded the production of the report.

When the issue was raised on the 16th, Prime Minister St. Laurent at 3 p.m. (citing a statement previously made to the House by Mr. Campney the Associate Minister of National Defence, that "there was no report of which these could be excerpts") blandly assured the House "there has been no indication of where these excerpts came from." Mr. Claxton intervened to reinforce his leader's denial by saying, "There is no report in the Department of National Defence."

Soon afterwards, copies of the Ottawa *Journal* which became available in the House of Commons, contained a long interview with Mr. Macnab, the author of the report, who is now practising law in London, Ont. In it he vouched for its existence and stood by its contents.

When the attention of the Prime Minister was drawn to Mr. Macnab's statement, he had no alternative but to rise at 3.30 and confess to the House that the document, whose existence he had denied half an hour before, actually existed. And he offered the rather naive explanation for his colleagues' professed ignorance of its existence, that it had been found buried in the files of an official of the Civil Service Commission, who was now somewhere on the road to Mandalay. But it sounds almost incredible that, when the Civil Service Commission replied to the request of the Department of National Defence for more personnel, it did not communicate to it the contents of the Macnab report.

Moreover, Mr. St. Laurent admitted that the missing document had first been discovered a week previously, and it is difficult to believe that its discovery was not made known at once to the Department of National Defence. No Prime Minister in his senses would imperil his reputation by a deliberate deception of Parliament, and it is preferable to regard Mr. St. Laurent as the unfortunate victim of colleagues, who are either hopelessly inefficient or less scrupulous than himself.

There are two possible explanations of the conduct of Mr. Claxton and Mr. Campney and each involves them in grave discredit. If the affairs of their department are in such a calamitous muddle that important documents are lost in the prevailing welter of confusion, then confidence in their administrative capacity disappears. If, on the other hand, this brace of Ministers, although they had no knowledge of the report, were prepared to go on denying it until the *Journal's* story made further denial impossible, then they have destroyed public faith in their credibility.

TV, Radio Debate

A MOTION for the appointment of a special committee for the investigation of radio problems produced a very bitter battle over the Government's policy in regard to broadcasting and television. Mr. Drew and the whole Progressive Conservative party espoused vigorously the cause of the private broadcasting agencies, who, apart from their rooted objection to their subordination to the

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dictates of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, feel now that they are being unfairly penalized by being denied the right to build television stations in the large cities of Canada and being restricted to the smaller centres, where a television station might be a dubious enterprise.

The Government, with the solid backing of its followers and the even more enthusiastic support of the CCF, stood firm in its determination to give the CBC a monopoly of television in the large cities and to preserve its supervisory control over the private agencies.

In closing the debate Mr. McCann harped upon the pronouncements of the late Lord Bennett in 1932 in favor of state control of broadcasting, and these do constitute a handicap to the Progressive Conservative party, when this issue is discussed.

Indecent Literature

SENATOR J. J. Hayes Boone, a veteran Liberal warhorse from New Brunswick, is having a merry time this session as Chairman of a special committee of the Senate for the investigation of the sale and distribution of salacious and indecent literature. But the problem which he has opened up for discussion is ancient, and no simple solution of it is possible.

In the half-dozen sessions which it has held, his committee has accumulated a mass of convincing evidence about the spate of indecent literature with which Canada is now flooded and its deplorable effect upon the outlook and morals of the younger generation. The witnesses have included spokesmen of religious bodies, officials of organizations concerned with the welfare, morals and education of the young, representatives of the distributors of periodicals, editors of papers and others.

One of the most interesting and valuable of these witnesses was David Sim, Deputy Minister in charge of the Customs and Excise Division of the Department of National Revenue. Mr. Sim favored the committee with a detailed account of the methods by which his department tries to exercise an effective censorship upon objectionable literature imported into Canada. He told of the complicated difficulties encountered in dealing with a volume of literature, which by his account runs into hundreds of thousands of publications every week.

Apparently the settled practice of his department is to ban only literature which is flagrantly immoral or indecent, and Mr. Sim wisely refused to express any opinion about the need for a change of policy. But the great majority of witnesses seemed to think that the Department's censorship is much too liberal, and to desire a special Board of Censors for literature. To command confidence in its decrees, such a Board would have to be composed of veritable Solomons, capable of appraising the merits of literature with unbiased minds, free from all prejudice and cant, and such are hard to find in Canada.

A Canadian Board of Censors would probably ban at first sight a book recently published under the title *Low Company*. But it would be a mistake, because it happens to be the brilliantly written autobiography of a man who had sunk to the lowest depths of degradation in his mode of life; in it he engages in an honest analysis of the causes of his downfall, examines the weaknesses of the social organization which contributed to it, and tries to warn youthful readers about the pitfalls awaiting them. No young person could read this book without deriving great benefit from it.

There would be a similar difficulty with *The Fruit of the Seed*, recently written by a Miss Margaret Leigh.

The truth is that any form of government censorship, except in time of war, is an adventure fraught with danger to fundamental liberties of thought and expression.

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Foreign Affairs

Did the Soviets Poison a Czech Tito?

KONNI ZILLIACUS has told how he asked Stalin, in an interview in December, 1947, about the Cominform and what control it was intended to exert over the satellite leaders. Stalin declaimed on their independence of action, and gave as his examples Tito of Yugoslavia, Dimitrov of Bulgaria and Gottwald of Czechoslovakia.

This was a good line to hand out to a British journalist eagerly apologizing for the Soviet system. But we know from the Stalin-Tito correspondence just what the Soviet leader was really thinking at this time about Tito's claims to independence and equality, and about Tito's flamboyant junket around the other satellite capitals to build up support for this position. We know that, however Stalin may have seemed to bless in public the Tito-Dimitrov project for a South Slav union of Yugoslavia and Bulgaria, the Kremlin had sternly vetoed this in private; and how conveniently the tough old leader of the Comintern, who had gained fame for his defiance of Goering in the Reichstag Fire Trial, died under medical treatment in Moscow shortly afterward.

As for Gottwald, he was not yet *gauleiter* of Czechoslovakia at that time. The *coup d'état* which took over the country from Benes, Jan Masaryk and the other democratic leaders was still two months away. Gottwald would have been *ordered* to make a show of independence in those days, had he not done so otherwise, as window-dressing to lure the customers into the Soviet shop.

That was over five years ago. And while Gottwald looked like an obedient Soviet puppet most of that time, careful never to commit such another mistake as that of June 1947, when he accepted Marshall Plan aid for Czechoslovakia, he managed to gather into his hands more power than was held by any other surviving satellite leader. In most satellites the president is only a figurehead, but when Gottwald moved himself up from premiership to presidency in 1948 he carried the real governmental power with him. Then in September 1951 he took over the ultimate control of the Party as well, by abolishing the post of secretary-general, held by Slansky.

Last November Gottwald removed Slansky, who had been his chief collaborator in the *coup* of February 1948, permanently from the scene, through the famous anti-Zionist trial. It struck some close observers at the time that Slansky was, in fact, tried and executed for carrying out Gottwald policies; and that in Czechoslovakia it was those who had always been considered blindly obedient to Moscow who were being eliminated.

There was still no Titoist trend in evidence. But a situation was growing up which could be dangerous to Soviet control of Czechoslovakia. As the *New York Times* correspondent John MacCormac wrote from Vienna, "this nation, which need not have succumbed to Communism, since she alone of the satellite states was not occupied by the Red Army when the Communists took over the government, has belatedly resisted it to an extent that has produced more martyrs than all the other East European satellites combined." The ruthless economic exploitation of the country by Moscow is being met by the traditional Czechoslovak slow-down and quiet sabotage. All the industrial plans have fallen behind, by official admission. Coal is so short that many trains have been taken off and there are daily blackouts of electrical current. Food is rationed and scarce, in a country that used to feed itself comfortably, due to forced farm collectivization.

ON THIS STATE of discontentment was developing in the satellite country most vulnerable to the growing attraction of the Western policy of liberation. Always western-minded—so that until recently they read Dostoyevsky in French translation—and not occupied by the Red Army, the Czechoslovaks were bound to feel the pull of the unification of Western Europe, the strengthening of NATO, and the Dulles policy of boldness.

In this situation it was too dangerous to have a leader with so much power in his hands as Gottwald. With the example of the protection, trade and friendship which Tito had received from the Western world fresh before him, Gottwald might have "tried a Tito" himself as soon as he felt reasonably sure that the Red Army would not be sent into Czechoslovakia. The passing of Stalin, breaking as it did one of the strongest bonds holding a non-occupied satellite state to the Soviet Union, was bound to stir a "now or never" feeling in anyone who had been thinking of an ultimate breakaway. It looks as if the new Soviet leaders decided not to take a chance, but to remove Gottwald quietly.

How a man with access to the medical attention he had at his command, could die of pneumonia between Wednesday, when he reviewed the guard of honor in Prague on his return from Moscow in seeming good health, and Saturday, is hard to believe. It looks suspiciously like a case of poisoning.

After all, we have it on their own admission that these things are done, and in the highest Soviet circles. And we know that the Kremlin *is* worried about new satellite breakaways, especially of Bulgaria and Albania, which have been offered

the chance of seeking protection within the new Balkan Entente formed a month ago by Yugoslavia, Turkey and Greece. Yugoslav sources report that there was a special alert of all security forces in Bulgaria and Albania after the first announcement of Stalin's illness. And it was significant that the puppet leader of Albania, Hoxha, did not leave his post to go to the funeral in Moscow. Indeed, Albania is in such an exposed position, with no physical contact with the Soviet Union, and there is so much discontent inside the country and so many emigrés without, that it is astonishing a greater effort has not been made by our side to pry it away.

A responsible British observer, who has lately made a careful investigation the whole length of the Albanian border and talked with many recent refugees, gives this description of the Soviet mystery satellite. The country was given the full Bolshevist treatment at the end of the war, without going through any phony "People's Democracy" phase. Collectivization was applied to an agriculture highly unsuited to it, and utterly unreal industrialization programs were embarked upon. It is reckoned that between ten and fifteen thousand Albanians flee to Greece and Yugoslavia every year.

There is one weekly plane from Moscow, via Budapest, to Albania and it has to put down for Yugoslav inspection at Belgrade. In a recent half-year 30 small ships of 1,500 to 3,000 tons passed through the Dardanelles bound from Black Sea ports to Albania.

There is no great Soviet build-up going on there. A figure of from 500 to 1,000 would include all Soviet officials, technicians and army officers. No Soviet air force units are stationed in Albania; and the talk of a mighty submarine base on the island of Sasseno "seems to be pure fiction." The only support for the regime comes from that section of the Communist Party which is now in authority, and its slogan is "the enemy is within the house."

Another focal point of Soviet distrust is East Germany, and all the more since its breakaway would uncover Poland to Western contact and further expose Czechoslovakia. Just because of the unnatural postwar division of the country there was certain to be a strong pull of one part of Germany on the other. I have no doubt that in the beginning the Soviets naturally assumed that the stronger attraction would be that of Eastern Germany, with its "dynamic" social revolution, on Western Germany.

From our floundering from Unconditional Surrender to the Morgenthau Plan of destroying German industry, the Soviets may be forgiven if they believed we wouldn't know what to do with Western Germany. From the outcry raised alike in the U.S. Congress and the U.S. Army, they must have reckoned that the Americans would soon be back home and the British and French be left to quarrel over German policy. So the Kremlin's policy in Germany, right up until last year, was to keep up the facade of party life by permitting East German affiliates of Adenauer's Christian Democrats and President Heuss's Liberal Democrats to operate, and organizing a new party, the National Democrats, to cater to ex-Nazis. The Soviets also made themselves the "champions" of German unity, and even went so far last year as to offer the Germans a national army, to outbid us on a German contribution to the European Army.

That was their last play. When it was quite clear that it had failed they switched sharply to the alternate policy which Stalin had, in his typical way, been developing alongside the first. As much as admitting that his reunification propaganda was too much hampered by the necessity of conceding the lost East German territories to Poland, that the growing disparity of living standards gave West Germany the pull on East Germany, Stalin went into full speed on the conversion of East Germany to full satellite status.

The greatly increased flow of refugees from East Germany makes it very clear just what people think of this. Unhappily it is just as clear that we in the West were in no way ready to take advantage of the rare opportunity afforded by the passing of Stalin to help any of the satellites to break away, that we have in fact hardly begun to think or plan seriously for this phase of the cold war.

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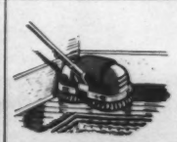

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Films

Come Back, Shirley Booth

SHIRLEY BOOTH recently expressed some uneasiness at the prospect of a possible Academy Award for her performance in *Come Back, Little Sheba.* She obviously had good reason for her alarm. Even without the Award, Miss Booth has managed to fix herself ineffaceably in the minds of both screen producers and audiences as the incomparable Lola, doomed to appear in a long succession of old candlewick bathrobes and increasingly dishevelled domestic dramas.

Miss Booth created the original Lola on the Broadway stage, and it now fits her as shapelessly and tellingly as the deplorable garment she clutches through a large part of the film. Lola's story is a familiar one by this time, and you will hardly need reminding that *Come Back, Little Sheba* has to do with the marital problems of an unhappy chiropractor (Burt Lancaster) and the wife whose love holds him to Alcoholics Anonymous and whose haphazard ways drive him to the bottle.

The screen version imitates the play faithfully in the shrewd surface realism that places it considerably above soap opera and considerably below universal drama. It is largely the Shirley Booth performance that makes it a disturbing, and occasionally horrendous, study in mismated marriage.

Burt Lancaster, as the chiropractor, is not entirely at ease in a role calling for considerable flexibility of tone and mood. He is never able to make you conscious of his awareness as Miss Booth is able to make you aware of her obliviousness, and most of the time he relies on his lines to clarify the state of his emotions. Terry Moore is the pretty roomer whose love affairs act as the final catalyst in the shaky household, and Richard Jaeckel is rather more than adequate as the appalling undergraduate whom she finds, for some reason, irresistible. As might be expected, everyone within range of Shirley Booth's compelling talent is at some disadvantage. Certainly she seems to have made this the definitive study of a foolish, loving, small-town slattern, whether in a property bathrobe or out of it. If Hollywood is wise, it will now throw that outworn garment of repentance into the nearest ashcan, and start her off on something entirely fresh. With Shirley Booth's variegated talents, it shouldn't be too difficult to find.

The Naked Spur stars James Stewart who, along with Gary Cooper, Clark Gable and other maturing romantic stars, seems to have settled down to a hard-riding middle-age in Westerns. He is cast here as a disillusioned Civil War veteran who has gone west to pick up a notorious outlaw (Robert Ryan) for the $5,000 reward money. Outlaw Ryan proves to be something of a handful, and the hero has to enlist the help of an old miner (Millard Mitchell) and a discredited Army officer (Ralph Meeker). Among them, they get their quarry safely trussed up and head back to civilization, all brooding busily over the allocation of the reward money.

Never Wave at a Wac involves Rosalind Russell, the Iron Woman of romantic comedy, in another series of antic mishaps, this time in the WAC training centre at Fort Lee, Virginia. Miss Russell plays a spoiled Washington divorcée who enlists in the Wacs in the hope of a quick transit to Paris as a commissioned officer. The commission doesn't come through, however, so she settles down to the humbling routine of a private's life. Part of the routine involves testing out sub-arctic uniforms under the gleeful supervision of her former husband (Paul Douglas), a textile manufacturer. Star Russell handles and survives this ordeal with her usual comic energy, and it is moderately funny.

Her running mate here is Danger O'Dowd (Marie Wilson), a former stripteaser anxious to enlist in the Department of Intelligence. Under its screwball surface *Never Wave at a Wac* industriously plays up the wholesome effect of army discipline on both these scatterbrains, and the presence of General Omar Bradley, briefly playing himself, gives the film a semi-official stamp.

MARY LOWREY ROSS

CANADIAN farmers know the struggle, at maple sugar time, of hauling the sap to the sugar house — especially if there has been an early thaw. So we were interested in hearing how one farmer, who used aluminum tubing for summer irrigation, also used it as a spring pipeline to carry the sap from his trees to the sugar house some distance away.

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Books

The Master of Absolute Comedy

IT IS CLEAR that in preparing his large, long, two-volume life of Charles Dickens, it was the intention of Mr. Edgar Johnson to give us the most complete study of his subject that his own abilities and the resources of modern scholarship make possible. He has aimed at a definitive work and he has hit his mark. Whoever attempts a serious book on Dickens from this time forward will necessarily be deeply in his debt.

Here is a book which is scholarly without being cumbrous; readable without resorting to the tricks of the popularizer; comprehensive in its inclusion of all that was known, and valuable in its inclusion of much that is either little known, or new. Further, it is distinguished by common sense and balance. It may confidently be recommended to the general reader and the scholar alike.

This is not to say that it is impossible to disagree with the author at many points. Mr. Johnson has written not only a life of Dickens, but also a quantity of criticism and comment upon Dickens' work which would make a book in itself. He has, however, confined his critical writing to twelve chapters which occur at appropriate points in the story of Dickens' career. Anyone who finds, on a first reading, that he does not agree with Mr. Johnson may skip these when next he uses the book.

Disagreement with Mr. Johnson's estimation of Dickens has already been expressed by Mr. Anthony West who, writing in *The New Yorker*, calls the critical part of the book "pious absurdity". Mr. West disagrees with Mr. Johnson's judgment that we cannot, today, appreciate the sentimental passages in Dickens because our age is not in "the central stream of natural emotion". He does not think that Dickens deserves to be called an artist, and suggests that Dickens was, on the contrary, a trimmer who pitched his note to catch the commonest ear, and followed, instead of leading, popular opinion. He suggests that Dickens' assumption of optimism was hypocritical (though perhaps unconsciously so) that he was a prisoner and victim of his own imagination; and concludes that Dickens was a writer "with whom aesthetics can have nothing to do". He concludes, however, with an admission that Dickens was a genius, though not the superior of Dostoevski or it to be named, as Mr. Johnson names him, with Balzac and Shakespeare.

All this is well and closely argued, and it is not my purpose to lock horns with Mr. West. But I summarize his points at some length because his point of attack is the aesthetic one, and critics who deal largely in aesthetics can find little to please them in Dickens. Aldous Huxley's strictures upon him are similar to Mr. West's, and are expressed in terms of polished savagery. A critic with a primarily social point of view, however, can find Dickens very much to his taste, and Bernard Shaw, if I am not mistaken, anticipated Soviet Russia in finding Dickens a great social revolutionary.

There are more social views than the Socialist one, and G. K. Chesterton was able to find in Dickens much that appeared to him to be Catholic. Without carrying the matter further, we may agree that many admirable critics have found the works of Dickens a mirror in which their own images and their own pre-occupations were clearly apparent; many admirable critics, that is to say, who are not concerned deeply with aesthetics. Aestheticians are systematizers, and Dickens will not fit into a system. But all admit at last, gladly or reluctantly, that Dickens was a genius.

DO WE NEED A GENIUS be a consciously aesthetic artist? It can be argued that Shakespeare was not so, Chaucer was not so, and if Balzac were so, he experienced startling lapses. Dickens' faults are many, and any reader of ordinary taste can point them out. Padded writing, sickening and vulgar sentimentality, windy pathos, a tendency to write "blank prose" with a mawkish iambic thump in "big" moments—we know them all. No writer who cared about aesthetics would have fallen into these traps. But what writer who has cared about aesthetics has written novels which can stand on the same shelf with his?

We judge men of genius by the sum of their virtues, and not by the sum of their faults. Dickens was, in a superlative degree, what Bernard Berenson calls "a life-enhancing", as opposed to a "life-diminishing" person. It is because of this that so many people have found an echo of their own inmost convictions in his work, and have rashly thought that he must be therefore very much like themselves. Because simple and optimistic people have found simplicity and optimism in some of his books, the legend of the roaring, jolly, rather mindless Dickens has arisen. A man of Shaw's stature could find him a fellow-revolutionary; a man of Chesterton's, an unconscious Catholic. He is Shakespearean in the breadth of his appeal.

In my own opinion, the best estimates of Dickens are those reached by Edmund Wilson, and by George Santayana. Wilson, in *The Wound and The Bow*, uses Dickens as an example of his contention that the artist must always bring to his fellow men

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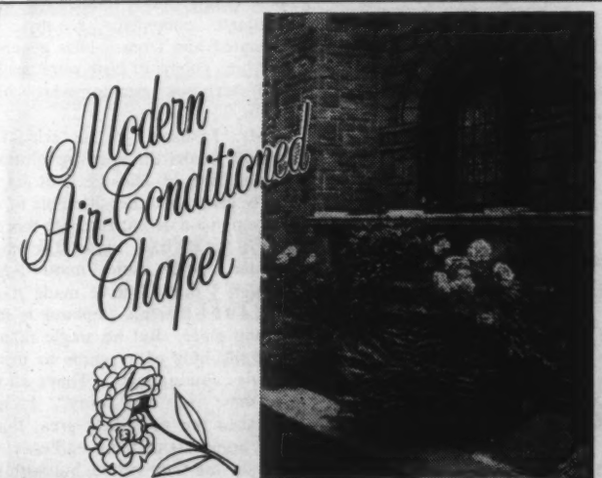

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THE INTERNATIONAL HOTEL OF NASSAU

his magical power, and his loathsome, shameful, inadmissable deformity. Dickens' preoccupation with the horrors, the filthinesses, the criminalities of life is an aspect of his character which few critics have understood, and which a majority of readers have missed completely.

Was it zeal for social reform which led him to recur to the darkest themes which Victorian literature permitted, and to hint at those which it would not tolerate? Or was it because they stirred and satisfied him as nothing else could? Was he a revolutionary, fighting for all men, or was he not, much more plainly, a wildly egotistical genius, tearing at a society which had almost engulfed him in the dark days of his childhood? There is ample evidence in his life to support the less heroic of these opinions.

The stagey elements in his writing support this view of Dickens. Those who call them melodramatic doubtless think of melodrama as something trashy; if they will study the Victorian stage — if they will read Karl Mantzius or Willson Disher on this subject —they will find the clue to melodrama in an aspect of the Romantic revival, and they will see what power this attitude of mind gained when it was allied with the genius of Dickens. Madman; haunted man; hunted man: there was, in the vast, copious variety of Dickens' nature a powerful strain of all of these. No artist can create what he does not understand, and Dickens was not nearly so much at home with Tom Pinch and the Cheeryble Brothers as he was with Fagin, Quilp, Sikes, Chuzzlewit.

Let Santayana speak for himself. "When people say that Dickens exaggerates", he writes, "it seems to me they can have no eyes and no ears . . . He mimics things to the full; he dilates and exhausts and repeats; he wallows. He is too intent on the passing experience to look over his shoulder, and consider whether we have not already understood, and had enough. He is not thinking of us; he is obeying the impulse of the passion, the person, or the story he is enacting. This faculty, which renders him a consummate comedian, is just what alienated him from a later generation in which people of taste were aesthetes and virtuous people were higher snobs."

Mr. Johnson, in his critical appraisal, favors the social revolutionary explanation of Dickens, but he very fairly gives the other attempts to solve the enigma a decent run. He has given us by far the best life of Dickens yet written, and his critical matter is good, though I think I have made it clear that I feel that his emphasis is in the wrong place. But no single man can nail the hide of a genius to the side of his cabin and say, "That's all there is; there isn't any more". It is the glory of the supremely great that we can argue about them endlessly without solving their riddle, but with some possibility of throwing light on the lesser riddles which are ouselves.

ROBERTSON DAVIES

CHARLES DICKENS, HIS TRAGEDY AND TRIUMPH, a biography by Edgar Johnson— pp. 1158, cxcvii of index, notes and bibliography — illustrated — 2 vols. — *Musson*—$12.50.

In Brief

AS THE ROWANS GO GAY — by Josephine Lewis — pp. 322 — *Smithers & Bonellie* — $2.50.

A remarkable novel, this, to have come out of British Columbia, but Scottish blood runs thick and fast there, too, judging from the plethora of Jacobite romance, the lament for foolhardy, hot-blooded plotting, and the historical Scottish facts in this first novel. The story runs through several generations of a Scotch-Dutch family and some Macdonalds, whose fortunes it follows. It is divided into two parts by the Jacobite rebellions of 1715 and 1745.

The story moves quickly — it must through those long years—but pauses portentously at the date of Locke's famous essay, a historical house, the first issue of the *London Daily Post* (1741), etc., etc. The author's working file catalogue of facts must be dog-eared; at least, some of them are dragged in by the ear. On the whole, a good meaty story with discernment and affection showing through the information. Some of the detail of the romance is so strong as to be Gothic — for instance, the three souls winging their way to heaven near the end of Part 1. Her characters have long shadows rather than rounded being. The times, not the people, plot the book.

SEA DEVILS—by Valeri Borghese (translated from the Italian)—pp. 262—*Ryerson*—$4.00.

This reviewer's skin is still insufficiently softened after exposure to the Italian sun of 1943-45 not to tingle from an account of special Italian naval exploits which neutralized, through mysterious explosions, a quarter of a million tons of Allied shipping during the war. Throughout the text "the enemy" is us, "the Allies" are the Germans.

Captain Borghese explains the mysteries. One must admit, if not admire, the bravery, tenacity of purpose and ingenuity of the special undersea branch of the Italian navy of which he was a leading fighting figure; and of its "sea devils". They are qualities which the Italian navy in general did not conspicuously share. Bringing most renown to his flotilla were "human torpedoes". Two men dressed in special diving suits sat astride a special slow-speed torpedo released under water from a parent submarine, guided it into harbor at Gibraltar, Algiers, Alexandria, fixed it under water to the hull of a "hostile" ship, released the time fuse, swam out with their frog feet (Italians were the first to use them) and hoped that the British ship would explode at sea an hour or two later.

The author says incidentally: "Patriotism is the primary duty of man and the highest honor open to his achievement".

HMS MARLBOROUGH WILL ENTER HARBOUR — by Nicholas Monsarrat — pp. 92 — with half-tone engravings by James Holland — *British Books*—$3.00.

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struggle into harbor. The sloop *Marlborough* with a complement of 8 officers and 130 men was mortally torpedoed and gunned by a U-boat on New Year's Eve 1942, as she was returning from convoy escort in the north Atlantic. Two-thirds of her crew were killed or drowned below deck. The ship should have been abandoned, but the disciplined Captain's love for her and the stubborn courage and skill of all remaining hands sustained her. Here in brief compass is the vivid reporting and fictional art of Monsarrat which made his novel *The Cruel Sea* a great popular saga of the Royal Navy.

WATCH NIGHT—by Walter B. Lowrey—pp. 269—*Saunders*—$4.50.

The novel begins the night before an intelligent educated negro is to go to the electric chair for raping a white woman. From there it — and the negro, who tells his own story — goes back, around and about in thought-sequences so cleverly fluent that the reader's own nerves tingle to find out who is who and what is what, who is defending whom and what crime was committed or not committed by whose friend for what reason or lack of reason.

The involutions of the author's style are not yet so clear (it is his first novel) as to give the sincerity of his feelings and the wheels of his thought power to take him to the heart and mind of this reader. One is aware of passion knocking on the other side of the door, of an angry voice raised about the negro problem in Mississippi and the States generally, and of a high mind wrestling with it. But unlike the accused negro who didn't, one is tempted to run away.

ONE TOUCH OF FRANCE — by A. Hamilton Gibbs—pp. 188—*Doubleday*—$3.00.

Readers who love France come hell or high water will reach for this book as eagerly as they sip *cafe noir* and the air of Juan les Pins. Major Gibbs of Oxford and World War I has been Americanized since 1926 and thus his nostalgic place-names in the lines have an American cosmopolite appeal.

The author loves France hard and well and he expresses his love in a kind of sprung blank verse. Of its sort it is good, rising from an affection so deep that prose must be made verse. This kind of thing, of Avignon, which begins "Sleep on, ma vieille!"—

> You have starved.
> You have gorged.
> You have leched.
> You have repented.

A haut-monde, latter-day Walt Whitman on France, worse as a poet, better as a man of educated intelligence. One Touch? A thousand—and many of them tenderly sensitive.

NIGHT LIFE—by Douglass Wallop—pp. 378—McLeod—$4.25.

The craftmanship of first American novels under this reviewer's notice lately is good. Here is another compelling story in a first novel. The style is undistinguished but the story is well and forcefully turned. Barbara Horne, aged six, is shot down on the street by a boy on the roof of a New York building. Her father searches for the reason for her death — not only in the unidentified killer who commits suicide, but also in himself. The resulting scenario is a bizarre mixture of hot-rods and grief, ending in California. A punchy tale, with a jazzy background and tension in the night.

T. J. A.

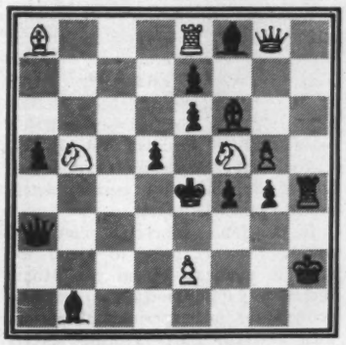
•

Chess Problem

FORTY YEARS back there was a gathering of opinion that the two-mover had been thematically exhausted, that the only field open for originality was the sporting of combinations of two or more ideas in the one problem. Since then, a number of new themes have been discovered, the most pertinent of them too involved for much productivity.

Most important of all was the rediscovery of the half-pin, which jumped into prominence overnight in 1915, and was highly developed by the composers of the Good Companions Chess Problem Club. Their complex half-pins introduced other thematic features. The term half-pin was coined by the famous English composer Comins Mansfield. It was not a new theme, but little notice was taken of the few previous examples, which date back as far as a specimen by A. Kempe in *Cassell's Family Paper* in 1855.

Problem No. 7, by C. W. Sheppard
Black—Ten Pieces



White—Ten Pieces
White to play and mate in two

Most consistent student of the half-pin in the United States was C. W. Sheppard, and in line with recent examples of black pawn tasks, we give above his best example of two sets of pawn half-pins with a flight-square. Sheppard had previously shown two sets of horizontal pawn half-pins, adding a third diagonal half-pin of black bishop and knight, for the only true trebling of the theme extant.

Solution of Problem No. 6

Key-move 1.K-B3, threatening 2.Q-K2 mate. If K-K4; 2.K-Q3 mate. If K-B6; 2.K-Q4 mate. If RxKt; 2.QxP mate. If P-B6; 2.RxP mate.

A rather unexpected key, masking the Queen to set up a second indirect royal battery.

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The Passing Show

Black Cap Blues

JUDGE Samuel Leibowitz of Brooklyn was known as the Chair Cheater. During his long eminence as New York's leading defender of alleged murderers, he cheated the electric chair of at least twenty likely incumbents. His method was surprise by principle, the spectacular by preference.

I covered the Harlem Baby Massacre — a virtuoso flourish by gangdom wherein Tommy-guns from a speeding limousine slaughtered three children playing in the street. Vincent Coll, handsome auburn "mad dog" who specialized in quick kidnapping and was eventually liquidated in a telephone booth while making a date with one moll although engaged in light-housekeeping with another, was accused of the killings. Liebowitz defended him.

The State's witness identified Coll from a group of thugs. You could read scorn for the hoodlum on the jurors' faces. Mobsters, bettors on anything from quintuplet births to prizefights, gave Coll the long end of a ten to one shot. Then Leibowitz staged his surprise: a parole officer from St. Louis identified the star witness as a fugitive from justice and so thoroughly impugned him that Coll was acquitted.

Liebowitz is as stern a judge as he's affable as a family man. He, who yanked so many faggots from the burning, is now known as Nemesis to mugs who try to get away with murder, and his stern code is opposed to the jurists, lawyers and laymen who campaign against capital punishment.

A Canadian barrister of note, Arthur Maloney has pointed to the case of one Harry Lee, hanged in Hamilton for the slaying of Mrs. Mary Rosenblat, as an argument against the death penalty. He cited Lee as a mental miscreant. On the other hand, the U.S. has suffered an epidemic of schizophrenics, recklessly released from asylums, who set out to kill.

Warden Lewis Lawes of Sing Sing, who detested his official chore of supervising executions, was wont to demand: "Who's afraid of the chair?" when he beheld gangsters strut the last mile. He was vociferously opposed to the extreme penalty. Yet his colleague, Father Michael Cashin, Chaplain of Sing Sing, was equally determined against its repeal.

In England, where a convicted murderer's only hope to avoid the rope is clemency from the Home Secretary, capital punishment was suspended for an experimental period, then revived, thus favoring slayers who were tried during the period of grace and returning grim prospect for those who were not. Only recently crowds before a London prison chanted protest against the hanging of a youth who had urged a confederate to give a cop the works, which he did. The confederate was too young for matriculation on the gallows.

Civilized public opinion is divided on the issue. A Gallup Poll of Canada once reported 68 per cent of the country's public opinion in favor of capital punishment. That was in 1948, the same year that a Gallup Poll of the U.S. forecast Governor Tom Dewey's election as President. Polls, generally, are not absolute; juries, legally at least, are.

Michigan, which abolished the death sentence years ago, has experienced a lesser incidence of wilful homicide than, for instance, Illinois, where Chicago's hoodlums have made

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such soirées as the Valentine massacre so routine as to be monotonous: there the boys have alternating hobbies as cupbearers and pallbearers and could cut down on funeral expenses by growing their own flowers.

Execution is always grisly, by chair, gassing or gallows. Witness an execution once, and you'll wish you hadn't. I saw a gang killer soft-shoe through the little green doorway to the throne of death in Sing Sing. He followed a former colleague whose evidence had piped him overboard. Before a grim gathering, stiff in hard chairs, he flicked the hot-seat in which he'd been preceded, tossed his handkerchief away and said his last words: "This chair needs dusting after a rat!" There recurs the horror of Ruth Snyder, self-made widow, straining and sweating, eyes protruding as twin shocks contorted her buxom frame. A reporter with a leg-hidden camera snapped that one. The professional or commercial killer was blasé, the amateur hysterical.

South American countries are notably sentimental in abhorring the rule of a life for a life, despite Latin temperament supposedly inclined toward passionate crime. Within memory of ancients as yet unendowed by epitaphs, a callous social conscience in many countries tolerated and even approved the noose for such crimes as petty larceny.

It's a paradox of our emotional pattern that the same people who review casualty lists, as from Korea, with restraint or even indifference, rally to death-watches outside gaols and streak letters-to-editors in violent indictment of legalized savagery. The motive is doubtless noble, but the mood is morbid.

Lifers are frequently quoted as preferring extinction to a purgatory of boredom at the taxpayers' expense; but lifers rarely select their own exit. Condemned men, too, are rarely reconciled to doom, clutching at the last thread of hope for reprieve. Often they are strongly opinionated and vocal to the very threshold of oblivion —witness the Wormwood Scrubs non-paying guest who registered moral odium against low neck-lines on TV.

The socio-legal dilemma remains as debate flows and ebbs. Society can claim the moral and civic right to kill the killer. This doesn't stop killing as private solution to an urgent problem; but until a better deterrent for public protection is discovered and practicable, the Anglo-Saxon code decrees that the fine art of murder shall be the final art. Cain's cry to heaven after the first murder, "Am I my brother's keeper?" rings through the human record. The reply is universal and divine: You are!

JOHN B. KENNEDY

•

Soviet scientists claim they have proved the earth is at least 5,000 million years old, *Pravda* reported yesterday. Most Western geologists estimate the world was born about 3,000 million years ago.—*Reuters dispatch from Moscow.*

Perhaps it just seems that much longer in the Soviet.

Our Busy Politicians

(From Hansard)

MR. FULTON (Kamloops): On a point of order, the hon. member who is now speaking [Mr. Laing, Vancouver-South] keeps referring to the hon. member for Carleton. I believe that under the procedure and customs of this house which have the force of law, the hon. member for Carleton, who happens to be the Leader of the Opposition, should be referred to as such.

SOME HON. MEMBERS: Oh, oh.

MR. FULTON: I am quite sure that my hon. friends opposite who are making this chorus would raise the same point if we keep referring to the Prime Minister as the hon. member for Quebec East.

MR. ST. LAURENT: I am quite proud to be the member for Quebec East.

MR. ABBOTT: Let George speak for himself.

MR. FULTON: I raise that as a point of order and I think you should rule upon it. Unless I am wrong, that has been the established custom in this house and common courtesy calls for reference to the member for Carleton as the Leader of the Opposition.

MR. LAING: . . . The last thing in the world I wanted to do was to be discourteous. I will at all times address the Leader of the Opposition by that appellation, so long as I am never forced to address him as Prime Minister of this country.

AN HON. MEMBER: You won't be here.

AN HON. MEMBER: You never will be here.

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Sports

The Big Squeeze

THE COMBINATION of television and James D. Norris is squeezing the suet out of the boxing industry, particularly in the smaller cities of the United States and Canada. The small-town promoter finds it virtually impossible to promote a particularly scintillating bout for the simple reason that Norris's International Boxing Club has tied up all the outstanding pugilists for his televised shows from New York, Chicago and Detroit.

In its four years of operation, the International Boxing Club's control of the arena situation has enabled it to wrap its tentacles around the industry. The Norris interests own the Chicago Stadium, Detroit Olympia; are reputed to control New York's Madison Square Garden and hold important interests in other key stadia.

There has been an unfortunate tendency among New York, Detroit and Chicago boxing-writers to "go along with the gag." Of course, they may feel that they have profited from the example of one television commentator who was threatened with a libel suit when he had the temerity to suggest that one of Mr. Norris's boxing promotions was something less than the greatest sporting spectacle in the world.

Thus, in the past six months, we have witnessed the spectacle of a fantastic build-up for Chuck Davey, a mild-mannered southpaw who is only a few seasons out of the college ranks. In a series of televised bouts, Davey won a reputation as a tiger as he belted out his opponents with regularity. In retrospect, the truth of the matter is that his opponents had been hand-picked and screened and the promoters never permitted their tiger to wander far from the friendly confines of Chicago Stadium and Detroit Olympia.

When Davey had been established as an outstanding attraction, he was permitted to box one, Kid Gavilan. Before the bout had gone two rounds, it was pitifully evident that Kid Gavilan was a professional pugilist whereas Davey was a left-handed ex-collegian. Gavilan knocked out Davey and left the public pondering the interesting question of whether the International Boxing Club will attempt to re-establish Davey's reputation in another series of televised bouts. It would be much more simple to build-up another tiger.

One scribe who has failed to beat his drum for the Norris Enterprises is Dan'l Parker, the sports editor of the New York *Daily Mirror*. Mr. Parker is the most erudite and forthright boxing writer in the country and he has been beating an anvil chorus on Jimmy Norris' skull ever since the International Boxing Club was formed. Among Parker's charges against Norris are:

1. He put most of the independent promoters in America out of business by tying up all the important fighters and making it impossible for small clubs to function in competition with his television shows.

2. He drove most of the managers into retirement by favoring a group of about a dozen whom he controls and whose fighters get all the television assignments.

3. He caused gate receipts from boxing to drop to 25 per cent of what they were before he arrived on the scene.

4. He converted boxing into the first cousin of wrestling and made it the tool of television, with the assistance of the Boxing Commissioners, who appear to revel in acting as their own pall-bearers.

The Norris control of professional boxing has been felt in Canada, where promoters find that it is only very occasionally that they can persuade an American "name-fighter" to cross the border to battle a local hero.

Much more disturbing to Canadians is the Norris control of the arena situation in the United States. In the National Hockey League, the Norris family dominates three of the six teams. Through their arenas, they own the Detroit Red Wings and the Chicago Black Hawks, and their considerable interest in Madison Square Gardens permits them to have more than a little to say concerning the activities of the New York Rangers.

Certainly no such conditions could exist in another Major League professional sport such as baseball.

During the past decade, Canadian sports scribes have been yammering about this incredible situation and have referred facetiously to the NHL as the "Norris House League." However, the hockey moguls have ignored the outcries and have gone along casually with the business of cutting their own throats.

The two Canadian arenas—the Montreal Forum and Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens—are, of course, in an unenviable position. It is quite probable that the Norris interests could form a professional hockey league without including the two major Canadian cities.

It is evident now, though, that something unfortunate is happening to hockey. The Allan Cup Finals and the Memorial Cup Finals, two annual amateur hockey events which, in the past, excited the interest of the entire country, now are virtually ignored. Young hockey players are being processed in a machine, and no longer is Canada producing the skilful individualists.

In attempting to ascertain the cause of modern hockey's plight, it is necessary to decide, first, whether the trouble lies on the bottom or at the top.

If the trouble lies at the top, it lies in the Norris-dominated National Hockey League.

If the trouble lies on the bottom, it's high time that the hockey moguls rewrote the rule book and gave the game back to the kids.

JIM COLEMAN

Business

Bull In a British Shoe Shop

By HAROLD WINCOTT

LONDON—We British people have the reputation, where financial matters are concerned, of being very staid and conservative. Indeed, we rather pride ourselves on these traits, in the same way that we are secretly proud of our reputation for understanding everything.

In recent months, however, it is not too much to say that the City of London, and in fact a fair proportion of British industry, has been cast into turmoil. Dividends paid by long-established and highly conservative concerns have jumped from 22½ per cent to 62½ per cent overnight. The shares of a provincial departmental store business leap from £5 to over £17 in the course of a few days.

To understand the background to all this, you must appreciate the circumstances against which British industry has been operating for a long while now. The circumstances themselves are not unique to Britain. But they have manifested themselves here to an extreme degree.

Take as the first ingredient a long sustained hostility towards profits and dividends, a hostility which steadily increased in pitch under the Labor Government's rule between 1945 and 1951, and which has not markedly lessened under Mr. Churchill's administration. (It was the Conservatives, after all, who clamped the Excess Profits Levy on British industry.) Take at the same time a generally inflationary monetary policy.

As the result of these two forces, you deflate—or at least hold down—net disposable company profits and dividends. (A British company can pay away up to nearly 70 per cent of its net profit in taxation. As if that weren't enough, dividend limitation by moral persuasion, backed at times by threats of statutory action, has been the order of the day since 1948.) At the same time, you inflate the monetary value of the assets which earn those profits and dividends.

The Stock Exchange tends to value shares on the dividends paid. You may thus have a £1 share paying a 10 per cent dividend standing at £2 in the market but with a "break-up" value of £10 a share. You can, in theory, buy up some of our finest enterprises for less than the worth of their net current assets, with the works and plant and all the often immense goodwill thrown in for less than nothing.

Take as the second ingredient the hunger of institutional investors—insurance companies, pension funds and so on—for good, high yielding, long-term investments. One way of satisfying this hunger is for these investors to buy shop properties outright, lease them back to established retailers on a full repairing lease, and get 5 per cent and upwards on their investment for maybe 99 years.

Take as the third ingredient the managerial revolution—the rise of the company director, capable and hard-working but generally with no substantial financial capital stake in the business, and sometimes somewhat contemptuous of the apathetic and absentee shareholder. Take also a system which taxes such directors so heavily that, once a certain salary point is passed, direct incentive for additional effort is virtually ruled out.

Because direct incentives are so nearly worthless, indirect incentives come into play. Wiser economies prefer direct to indirect incentives. But it's no use criticizing those who accept the latter if the former are ruled out. These men generally carry enormous responsibility. Literally every minute of their waking hours is spent on the job, making decisions, formulating policy. They are what makes a capitalist economy tick. It would be useless to pretend, however, that they don't enjoy life. It would be foolish

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

Ashley & Crippen

JOHN D. HAYES: President, Laura Secord.

Who's Who in Business

DAILY, from spotless "studios" in Canada's two largest cities, steady streams of sugared and chocolate confections pass in rich profusion to gleaming trucks, through the 100-odd Laura Secord shops and finally into the homes and mouths of 10,000 customers.

Almost every day, too, eight ounces of rich fruit and raisin-filled chocolates, or whatever flavor may be in favor, find their way to the desk of burly John D. Hayes, a rumple-haired septuagenarian who heads Laura Secord Candy Shops Limited. For, after 40 years with Laura Secord and despite a predilection for chain-smoking pungent cigars, John Hayes still has a sweet tooth.

In 15 years as top man in the company, he has constantly added to his amazing knowledge of the public's appetite. Head of Canada's largest confectionery firm, he knows almost to a few pounds just what effect a rainy Thursday will have on weekend sales or to what extent a particular store window motif will affect sales on "Mother's Day"—the busiest of the year.

Each girl who runs a Laura Secord shop uses her own initiative; fresh supplies from Toronto and Montreal arrive each day and the responsibility for keeping the store stocked and functioning smoothly is hers alone. Supervisors in various districts act merely as trouble-shooters in time of need.

To Mr. Hayes, father of two married daughters, each employee is an "associate"—a dignity that has been theirs since the early days of World War I when the first Laura Secord shop was but a year old and John and his brother-in-law, Senator Frank O'Connor, were astonishing the trade by making and selling candies at 50 cents per pound, about half the price of most competing brands.

By the time the Senator died in 1938, there were 86 stores in existence and sales were approaching $2 million annually; today 101 shops are open, and last year they did more than $4¾ million of business.

The company confines its activities to Eastern Canada (in a large sense) because of distribution problems. As candies are freshly made on a day-to-day basis for speedy consumption, Winnipeg is the farthest point West to get regular deliveries.

In 1919, Mr. Hayes and his partner slipped through the U.S. lines (as the original Laura Secord had done over a century before), to found the American firm of Fanny Farmer Candy Shops Inc. This also has John D. Hayes as its president, necessitating a 400-mile round trip from Toronto to Rochester each week for Canada's Candy King. He makes the journey in a chauffeur-driven Cadillac, for he has been almost completely blind for 30 years as a result of an operation.

If this is a special handicap for the head of such a prosperous company,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 27

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C29

BURNS & CO. LIMITED

Dividend Notice

The second quarterly dividend of 50c a share on Class "A" and "B" shares of Burns & Co. Limited will be paid on April 29th, 1953, to all shareholders of record as of April 8th, 1953.

National Trust Company Limited is the Transfer Agent with offices at Toronto, Winnipeg, Edmonton and Vancouver.

BURNS & CO. LIMITED,
R. J. Dinning,
President.

ALUMINIUM LIMITED

ALUMINIUM LIMITED

ANNUAL MEETING

RECORD DATE

The Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of Aluminium Limited will, in accordance with the By-Laws of the Company, be held on Thursday, April 30th, 1953, at 11:00 o'clock in the morning, at the Head Office of the Company, 21st Floor, Sun Life Building, 1155 Metcalfe Street, Montreal, Quebec, Canada. Pursuant to a resolution of the Directors, only shareholders of record at the close of business on March 31st, 1953, will be entitled to receive notice of and to vote at the meeting and at any adjournment thereof.

Montreal JAMES A. DULLEA
March 17th, 1953 *Secretary*

Gold & Dross

Home Oil

I HAVE HELD *Home Oil since the '29 crash and bought some more when it hit two dollars. It has been going down gradually since it got up to about 17. Do you think it will come back again or would I be well advised to sell it? — Mrs. M. G., Hamilton, Ont.*

At last report Home Oil had reserves of some 26 million barrels, working capital of $2,394,000 and production of 1,463,000 barrels. Net earnings per share amounted to 63 cents and dividends 50 cents.

From this and the interests held in other companies, we can establish an approximate book value per share of about $8. The year-long decline from 17⅞ brought the price back to this line of value and the dividend to a 5.2 per cent yield at the low of 9½. Thus the stock appears to be in a buying range at the present price of 10½.

With an increase in production, which should result in increased earnings and possibly increased dividends, in sight from both the completion of the Trans Mountain pipeline and the expected granting of permission to export gas to the United States, the company appears in a favorable position.

More aggressive performance is expected of the company now that control of the management has passed into the hands of Federated Petroleums, which controls nearly 25 per cent of Home. The pooling of interests of these two companies should prove of mutual benefit and stimulate market interest in the stock.

Technically, the chart position shows a recovery into the 14-15 range is possible and we would suggest that you retain your stock at the present time.

Waite Amulet

I HAVE *a considerable holding of Waite Amulet, which I bought last spring at 12¼ and 14. I am wondering what the future holds for this stock if the dividend is likely to be reduced. Do you think I will get my money back?—Mrs. C. B. T., Westmount, Que.*

The outlook for Waite Amulet appears better than the average of base metal stocks. The increase in the price of copper is serving to offset the price decline in zinc. Production of both metals increased in 1952 with copper up 3,510,000 lbs to 29,061,000 lbs and zinc up 3,482,000 lbs to 32,066,000 lbs.

The shifting of production from the Amulet Dufault property to the new East Waite Mine will have the effect of decreasing Federal taxes through 1954. Thus earnings and dividends for the year should approximate those of 1952, when a net profit of $1.47 per share and dividends of $1.40 were made.

Market action of the stock has been limited since the New Year, with the price holding to a narrow range between 11½ and 12½. This reflects the balance between the doubts about the base metals and the high yield of 12½ per cent indicated by the current dividend rate. It is expected this trading range will be maintained as an average price for some time, with high and low limits of 8½ and 14.

New Rouyn Merger

I WOULD *appreciate any information you can give me on New Rouyn Merger—L. E. W., The Pas, Manitoba.*

Present market quotations on New Rouyn are 7 to 7½ cents. Trading in the stock has been very limited.

Operations at the mine have been suspended since 1949 and no activity has been reported since. The last balance sheet showed net assets of about $11,000.

Canadian Chemical

WHAT, IN *your opinion, are the possibilities of Canadian Chemical and Cellulose Co. for the long pull or the next few years?—G. E. C., Guelph.*

Canadian Chemical, being a holding company for the operations of Celanese Corp. of America in Canada, must be considered on a subsidiary company basis.

These companies form the various operating divisions:

Columbia Cellulose — Operates a 300 ton per day pulp mill near Prince Rupert, B.C. Mill completed in 1951. Holds contract to supply Celanese Corp. with pulp.

Canadian Chemical — Now constructing a $63 million chemical plant at Edmonton to produce petro-chemicals. End products such as Acetic acid will be used with pulp from Columbia to make textile fibre, and cellulose acetate for shipment to Celanese plants in the U.S.

Celgar Development — Primarily a pulp operation to produce textile type pulps, Celgar is expected to develop into a fully integrated operation producing plywood, newsprint and paperboard.

Canadian Cellulose Products Ltd.— The marketing agent for Celanese of America. Since 1949 it has handled sales of plastics, yarns and fibres. It will be the sales agent for the Canadian Chemical group.

While no operating figures are available we can make the following assumptions: Columbia Celulose is in operation, presumably at a profitable level; Celgar has passed through the "time of troubles" that caused extensive losses last year. The plant,

after considerable revisions, is now in operation.

The big question mark is the petro-chemical operation. It should be a profitable one, if the success of leaders in the field, such as Shell Oil, is any guide. Petro-chemical plants are a continuous process operation and profits depend upon high volume operations. If the company's estimate of the market for its output is correct, gross chemical sales in excess of $9 million are possible. The plant is expected to come into operation early this year.

In combination the group, as estimated by Celanese Corp., will show gross sales of $22 million.

With the resources of Celanese Corp. of America behind it, and much of the Canadian market for petro-chemicals still supplied by imports, we think these objectives will be attained.

For the investor who takes "long pull" positions, the current price of 12 would appear reasonable. With Celanese Corp. holding 4/5 of the issued 5 million shares, the stock would become active if good earnings are reported. The policy of the parent company has been to distribute, as dividends, about 50 per cent of net earnings. The $81 million of bond and preferred money gives considerable leverage to the common stock in the total investment of $157 million.

All factors considered, we believe the company will develop into a profitable enterprise.

Gilbec

I HAVE *been holding a small block of Gilbeck shares since 1930. Can you give me any information on it?—I. F. S., Tisdale, Sask.*

Gilbec was succeeded by Pasgil Mines Ltd. The rate of share exchange was one new for five old, at the time of reorganization in 1941.

Drilling results on the property were inconclusive and no further reports have appeared since operations were suspended in 1947. No market exists for the shares.

Kay Lake Mines

WILL YOU *please give your opinion on Kay Lake Mines as an investment at 28 cents a share? We hold some shares now and our question is whether to invest further. To invest we would be using money now in bonds, on which we would have to take a loss.—J. L. W., Harmsworth, Man.*

You are stretching the definition of the word "investment" here. Kay Lake is better defined as a property upon which only a limited amount of exploration has been done. It is a highly speculative prospect.

The company has copper showings which sample at about 3.5 per cent. Whether these values extend over an ore body large enough to warrant commercial exploitation is a question that can only be answered by extensive diamond drilling.

The property is some 48 miles distant from the nearest railroad, which would involve high freight costs for supplies and shipments of concentrates in commercial quantity. The primary requisite for success would seem to be the defining of a large and high grade ore body.

To illustrate the kind of property that really interests commercial producers, the American Smelting and Refining Co. plans to develop a copper orebody in southern Peru which has reserves of 400 million tons of ore with an average assay of slightly more than 1 per cent copper. Costs of bringing the mine to its estimated annual output of 100,000 tons are put at $160 million.

There is a big gap between locating a prospect and developing a producing mine and any mining handbook will show you that the mines which were discarded as non-commercial, are much more numerous than the ones that succeed. Copper, more than any other metal, is a game for big producers only, if history is any guide.

We suggest you retain your bonds.

C. & O. Railroad

WOULD YOU *consider Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad a good investment at the present price of 39?—T. A. F., Toronto.*

Price is the determining factor here. For nearly three months the stock has moved in a very narrow range near 39, after making a high of 41⅝ some time ago. The depressing factor would seem to be the bleak outlook for the soft coal industry, where shrinking markets are causing production cutbacks. As Chesapeake and Ohio is one of the major coal carrying roads, this loss of traffic is likely to cause a considerable decline in earnings. The stock, while sound, cannot be considered too attractive an investment.

Columinda

SOME TIME *ago I bought 300 shares of Columinda at 65 cents. Since then it has fluctuated all the way from that price to 28 cents. Can you tell me if there is any future for the stock. Should I wait for the first good chance to let it go?—M. Mcl., Toronto.*

The price action of Columinda has been common to most of the base metal stocks and reflects the sharp decline in prices of lead and zinc. The outlook for price increases in these metals is not too good at the present time.

These prices raise the question whether the property can be brought into production at a cost level that will provide profitable production. Unless large and very rich deposits are located, this will be a difficult proposition at present metal prices.

With many big, well-established mines showing severe declines in operating profits, and reducing or omitting dividends, profitable production would seem a long way away. Thus we suggest that you "cut your losses" if a rally offers an opportunity.

•

Subscribers requesting information from Gold & Dross are asked to limit their queries to one company. We cannot undertake to review lists of stocks.

W.P.S.

Is Your Investment Portfolio Complete?

If municipal debentures are not included in your investment portfolio, we recommend that consideration be given to the inclusion of one or more of the following issues, which yield from 4.26% to 4.81%.

Security	Rate %	Maturity	Price	Yield %
City of Toronto, Ont.	4	1976	96.21	4.26
Village of Fonthill, Ont.	4½	1957	100.20	4.45
Saskatoon School District No. 13	4¾	1969	101.12	4.65
City of Vancouver, B.C.	4¾	1973	100.64	4.70
The Protestant School Board of Greater Montreal	4	1962	94.25	4.81

Prices are quoted "and accrued interest"

Denomination: $1,000

Information concerning any of these municipalities and their debenture issues will be forwarded promptly upon request.

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HIGHLIGHTS

Ampulla and Spoon

Of pure gold, the Coronation Ampulla is in the shape of an eagle, standing nine inches on its pedestal, and holding six ounces of sacred oil. The Spoon was added by King Charles II. At the Coronation, the Dean of Westminster pours the holy oil from the Ampulla into the Spoon, and the Sovereign is anointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

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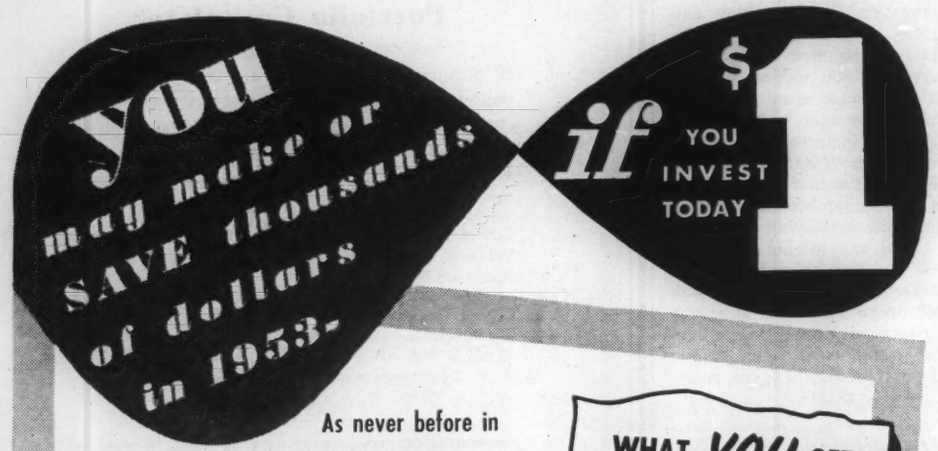

As never before in Canada's great and expanding economy is sound investment advice essential!

Canada's boom should mean real profits to you. Don't miss today's big opportunities.

In a fast moving stock market such as current events have created in Canada, the investor — large or small — needs factual information — up to the minute news — mature appraisal of selected issues. Particularly is this true of Canadian uranium stocks today when extensive Dominion wide exploration and development is continually producing news that can enhance market values and profit possibilities overnight.

To meet these needs the Canadian Market Analyst has designed the key to profitable investment, a fast service that is unique for its timeliness and completeness. It not only provides basic information of value to every investor, but also it is — at the same time — highly personal and individualized.

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Bull in a Shoe Shop

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

to pretend that they won't fight to protect what they have.

This state of affairs had already led to numerous bids by outside parties for shares in companies at prices well above the existing market level but well below the real value of the shares. But these bids until recently had affected only relatively small concerns.

Last November, the fuse on a really sizeable bombshell began to smoulder. We have a company here called J. Sears (True-Form Boot Co.), which is not only in the boot and shoe manufacturing and retail business in a big way on its own account, but has as its wholly-owned subsidiary the world famous Freeman, Hardy & Willis concern. Altogether, J. Sears is reputed to have over 900 retail branches, as well as its manufacturing facilities. Its consolidated balance sheet shows total assets of over £10 million, which, for the reasons already given, is a good deal less than their true worth.

Towards the end of last year, rumors began to circulate, as the result of which the 5s. Ordinary shares rose from a 1952 low of 13/3d to 23/-. The directors said they had "no knowledge of the circumstances which affect the present prices at which dealings in the Ordinary shares in the company are taking place." The shares went on rising nevertheless, until in January Charles Clore, a millionaire financier not unknown in Canadian financial circles, announced he had made a bid equal to 40s. a share. The board of J. Sears reacted promptly — and violently. In an attempt to make the shares worth Mr. Clore's price — and more — in the market, they jumped the dividend up from 22½ per cent to 62½ per cent, foreshadowed the issue of three new shares free for every two held, and announced that a valuation of properties was in progress which would indicate that at least £6 million of new finance could be raised, compared with the present book value of properties alone of £2,586,000.

The board's efforts, however, were of no avail. The increased dividend was not very well covered by earnings. The proposed issue of free shares was merely a "paper" operation. The directors apparently had no intention of making any return of capital following the new valuation of fixed assets. Approximately 70 per cent of the shareholders accepted Mr. Clore's offer.

Literally dozens of companies have been affected. Questions have been asked in the House of Commons, enquiring what the government proposes to do about it; don't the bids, and their consequences, upset the official policy of wage and dividend stabilization?

Needless to say, on the other hand shareholders are highly delighted. For years they have been the forgotten men (and women) in the British economy. Their companies' profits are plowed back into reserves, while Labor economists are busily propagating the gospel that a company's reserves don't belong to shareholders but to the workers, the government

and the consumer.

Quite apart from shareholders, there is a considerable body of responsible opinion which holds that the bids serve a useful economic purpose.

If a company's assets are being underemployed, a change of management to rectify that must in the long run benefit the community. Corporate savings are better than no savings at all but they do tend to cause ossification in a country's industrial structure. If company profits are more fully distributed, then private savings become a more fruitful source of capital and new ventures may get support they lack at present; axiomatically, any good and enterprising existing business can always get new finance by offering shares to shareholders, if the private savings are there.

Over and above all this, however, there is surely one outstanding lesson to be learned from recent events. You can bottle up inflation for quite a time in a modern community. But sooner or later natural forces make themselves felt. One by one the safety valves blow. It so happens that directorial pants were immediately above the latest valve to blow its top. The moral is not likely to be lost in other boardrooms. Dividend policy in Britain is likely to be less restrictive — within the limits of present taxation — and share values are likely to approximate more closely to asset values. Mr. Clore has ushered in a New Deal for shareholders.

John D. Hayes

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

the strongly-built president (6 ft. 2", 210 lbs.) shows no sign of it. He knows the voices of most members of his organization almost as well as they know his characteristic boom. And he finds time to take part in the business and social life of two cities—as director of the Chartered Trust Company and Canadian Council of Christians and Jews in Toronto, and as chairman of a Rochester Youth association and a director of the Union Trust Company.

He keeps his various activities well separated. The Fanny Farmer business is rarely mentioned in Toronto—almost as though it was situated in some remote spot across the world instead of being just a couple of hundred miles away.

The American company, named after an early American historical character noted for her cooking skill, has long since outgrown its "parent" firm. Last year 18 million pounds of candy were sold over the counters of its 351 shops in the eastern U.S.

To relax from the demands of his business interests, 70-year-old John Hayes, a native of Belleville, Ont., takes an occasional swim in the private pool in his Toronto home and listens to the radio and recorded music. When he was younger, the late John McCormack heard him sing and advised him to study abroad, a plan that had to be abandoned when his sight failed, but his liking for good music has survived.

JOHN WILCOCK

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

DIVIDEND NO. 265

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND OF THIRTY CENTS per share on the paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 30th April 1953 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after FRIDAY, the FIRST day of MAY next, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on 31st March 1953. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board,
N. J. McKINNON,
General Manager.

Toronto, 6th March 1953.

Annual Fuel Bill Cut $80.00

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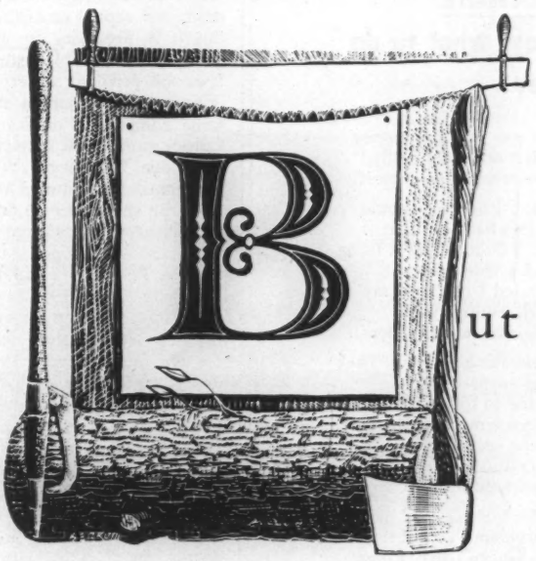

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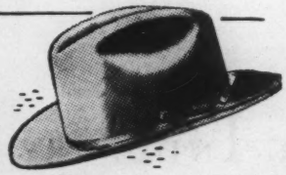

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Bonds

Convertibles Carry a Stop Loss

AS ANCIENT as investment is the mental conflict between fear of loss and desire for capital gain. There is a security that goes a long way in allaying one and satisfying the other; it is the convertible debenture.

Let us see first how it satisfies the desire for capital gain. In order to do this it is necessary to illustrate just what the convertible feature really is. It is the privilege of exchanging the debenture for common shares of the same company. For example, Power Corporation 4½% convertible debentures due February 1, 1968 can be exchanged for common shares as follows: 32 shares per $1,000 debenture to February 1, 1955 at $31.25 per share; 30 shares per $1,000 debenture to February 1, 1958 at $31.25 per share. After 1958, the debenture is no longer convertible and reverts to the plain variety from that date until the date of maturity in 1968. You will note also that the exchange privilege after 1955 is not as advantageous as before.

You have in effect a call on the common shares of the company for fixed periods at fixed prices. This call on the common shares is where the capital gain comes in. If the common shares rise in value above the price at which you can convert your debenture, then your debenture goes up in price.

Again using Power Corporation as an example, let's see how the situation looks at the present time. Suppose you invested $1,000 in a debenture, buying it at the issue price of $100. That gave you a call on 32 shares of common stock at $31.25 per share. Let us assume the shares are now selling at approximately $38.25—a rise of $7 per share. This automatically puts the debenture up in price. To calculate the approximate worth of your debenture, multiply your 32 shares of common share by the current price of $38.25 and the value now is $122.40; that is, a paper profit of $224 on your investment of $1,000.

The outstanding example of capital gain was the Interprovincial Pipe Line 4% convertible debenture that was issued at $100 and subsequently sold as high as $500. Convertibles do not, of course, always go up in price, but generally they don't go down in price very much either. That's where the security of the debenture comes in to help allay the fear of loss.

Let's now look at this question of security. First of all, convertibles are "debentures", that is, they are not a first mortgage, although sometimes they are almost as well secured and quite often are in effect the senior charge on the company. Like other debentures, their claims on the company in the event of difficulties rank ahead of those of any of the stockholders. Like other debentures, the interest paid to the bondholders is deducted from their company profits before any taxes are paid to the government.

In short, a convertible debenture is normally just as well secured as any other type of debenture, and this security ranks well ahead of the security for the common shares of the company. The additional security given by a convertible debenture over that of the common shares generally commands a premium in the market.

Again using Power Corporation 4½'s as an example, this company would probably have had to pay 5% to borrow money on an ordinary debenture. Using the 5% coupon rate as normal, we can thus establish a theoretical value for our 4½% debenture on the basis of what it is worth without the conversion feature and based on security alone. In other words, a non-convertible 4½% debenture should have sold at $95 instead of $100, and the buyer thus paid 5 points, or $50 per $1,000 debenture in order to gain the conversion privilege. This fact is important, because the actual investment worth of $95 places a floor under the debenture at that price no matter whether the stock goes up or down.

Thus, if you paid $100 for the debenture you have in effect a stop loss at a price of $95, presuming interest rates in general maintain current levels. This limiting of possible loss on the debenture is probably the most important factor in favor of convertibles. You can be reasonably sure that in a period of extreme weakness in the stock market your convertible debenture should not go down much below its investment worth even if the common shares go so low in price that all conversion advantages are lost.

IN THE FIELD of convertible debentures is growing larger and more complex. Investors in Canada are just beginning to realize that it has a great deal of merit. Only a portion of the problems of assessing the value of convertibles has been referred to. As many of the new issues of this type of debenture are small, comparatively few investors have the opportunity of buying these debentures until they are selling at a premium over the issue price. It is at this stage that arriving at true values and future possibilities becomes most important. It is intended at a later date to attempt to calculate the risk of certain convertibles selling at premiums over their issue prices, in order that a more general field of investors may have some sort of guide in deciding which ones are good value and which ones are not.

J. Ross Osborne

Women

Maywald, Paris

***TULIP SILHOUETTE** by Christian Dior; slim skirt with weight at top of shoulders, a black Alpaca afternoon tailleur. Exclusive with Holt, Renfrew.*

Conversation Pieces:

AMUSING fashion parade picture of a model and her Chihuahua both wearing identical real rosebud bonnets . . . Canadian background of one of the Queen's train bearers for the Coronation, Lady Mary Baillie-Hamilton, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Haddington and grand-daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cook of Westmount, Que. . . . the Marty Scholarship to Llewellya Hillis of Windsor, Ont., 1952 Queen's graduate and now studying at the University of Michigan . . . Mexican women about to get the vote, and probably neglect to use it, like most emancipated women . . . Easter wedding of Ella Ida Rosemary Des Brisay, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. A. W. Y. Des Brisay, and Kenneth Webster Balharrie, both of Ottawa . . . the Canadian Women's Club of New York City entertaining in honor of Mr. Ray Lawson, newly appointed Consul General for Canada there, and Mrs. Lawson . . . Joyce Douglas of Flin Flon, Man., chosen to represent the British Commonwealth Girl Guide movement at the Coronation . . . CONVERSATION PIECES: engagement of Margot Lampman McCurry, daughter of Director of National Gallery of Canada and grand-niece of poet Archibald Lampman, to Scottish architect Antony Miles Johnston . . . Easter Week production of Christopher Fry's "A Sleep of Prisoners" by Toronto's Jupiter Theatre at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, with Don Harron in role he played in the New York production . . . renewal of IODE scholarship to Martha Grimmer of Dalhousie, NB, to continue studies at London School of Economics . . . Ottawa to have the chance to judge Margaret Truman's soprano ability next Fall . . . Mrs. Honoré Parent, founder of Women's Committee of *Les Concerts Symphoniques*, back home in Montreal after representing the Committee at a conference in Texas of the Association of Women's Committees for Symphony Orchestras . . . newest craze likely to sweep the country, jewelled fingernails—and probably toenails for summer—with colored rhinestones and seed pearls glued to nails . . . choice of 2,986 members in 86 chapters, Mrs. R. M. Walkey as new Regent of the Toronto Municipal IODE Chapter . . . CONVERSATION PIECES: marriage of Virginia Beatrice Reilly of Moncton, NB, daughter of the late Hon. E. A. Reilly, and Lt.-Col. Joseph Arthur Leger of Newcastle, NB . . . recent 65th anniversary meeting of the Toronto Camera Club, with its first woman President, Evelyn Andrus, in the chair . . . wanderlust of Canadians landing them in number one position as top travellers, with one in five trotting out of the country each year, compared with one in 30 Americans, according to UN statistics . . . old snuff boxes of gold made into powder compacts, the New York rage . . . a third term as Regent of the Edmonton Municipal IODE Chapter for Mrs. C. L. Morton . . . a hobby collection of 50 pairs of ear-rings that go everywhere with owner Mrs. S. R. Farquharson, harpist in Calgary Symphony Orchestra . . . Halifax wedding of Harriet Mary Brissenden, daughter of Cmdr. W. E. Brissenden and Mrs. Brissenden of Reids Mills, Ont., and Michael Scott Cameron McCall, RCN, son of T. C. McCall, Deputy Minister of Travel and Publicity for Ontario . . . Canadian Players of Montreal invading Toronto with "Nina", and the International Players introducing the same gal in Kingston.

Macdonald of Eaton's

MRS. DORA MATTHEWS, fashion co-ordinator and member of Women's Committee of Toronto Symphony Orchestra, in her white straw and beaded pillbox.

Arnott and Rogers

MRS. WARREN Y. SOPER, Montreal Junior Leaguer, choses a rough white straw by Piko, with navy velvet facing and red roses.

Skipsey

MRS. J. ALEX. SWANSON, President of Women's Committee of Vancouver Symphony Orchestra, in dusty pink French felt faced with black velvet, by Claré.

MRS. BERNARD M. ALEXANDOR, President of Ottawa Women's Canadian Club, in white pique leaves by Lola Lanyi.

Capital Press

Aikman

MRS E. B. OSLER, a Director of Royal Winnipeg Ballet, in crisp white sailor.

Easter Parade

Food

IN ITALY, the popular Easter dinner is roasted baby lamb with roasted artichokes. Here is a recipe for the latter: Have ready 6 artichokes, 2 tablespoons of chopped parsley, 2 cloves garlic (minced), 6 tablespoons olive oil, 1½ cups of water, salt and pepper.

Remove tough outer leaves and soak the rest for ½ hour, heads down in well salted cool water. Then make a paste of the parsley, garlic, salt and pepper. Spread paste between artichoke leaves and place upright in saucepan, with ½ of the olive oil at the bottom of pan. Pour rest of oil over artichokes. Roast 5 to 6 minutes over high flame. Then add a little water and cook until water evaporates. Add rest of water and cook about ½ hour or until outer leaves can be removed easily.

In more northerly climates, many prefer a ham dinner for Easter. Here is an old Mennonite recipe for ham and dumplings, called "Snitz and Knepp". Ingredients for Snitz: 1½ lbs. cured ham, 2 cups dried apples and 2 tablespoons brown sugar. The dried apples are covered with water and allowed to soak overnight. Then when you are ready in the morning the ham is covered with cold water and cooked slowly for 3 hours. Then you add the apples (including water in which they soaked) and the brown sugar. Cook for 1 hour.

While the ham is cooking, you can turn your attention to the dumplings. Have assembled: 2 cups flour, 3½ teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 beaten egg, 2 tablespoons butter, 1/3 to ½ cup milk.

Sift dry ingredients together, then stir in beaten egg and melted butter. Add milk so batter will be stiff enough to drop from a spoon. Cover pan tightly and cook 10 to 12 minutes. Do not lift cover until ready to serve.

This recipe serves eight.

M.N.

• •

Take Our Word For It

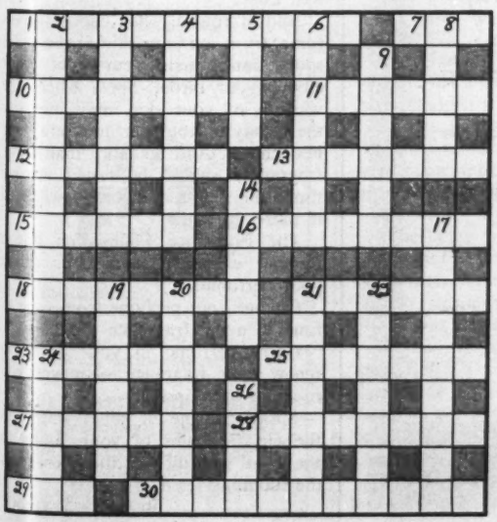
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. Existence led by one who politely yawns? (4, 2, 5)
7. He leads a dog's life on current expenses. (3)
10. If servant is sort of modest, I will take a hundred. (8)
11. Is a Galsworthy play this kind of literature? (6)
12. Surprised to find this prince in a green room rather than a brown study? (7)
13. Results in worn out garments, as it were. (7)
15. Those who died in the bath, certainly weren't well groomed! (6)
16. The expense of a hat? (8)
18. It appears that I'm decent, but appearances are deceptive. (8)
21. You may not like this clue, but it's as good as the rest. (6)
23. Was a cool-handed German with change sent to get them? (7)
25. How to make believe change its appearance. (7)
27. He dances attendance attending dances. (6)
28. I take an A.B.C. diet to help one. (8)
29. Dandy little musical work, but not quiet. (3)
30. Locksmith? (11)

DOWN

2, 6. A thundering good surprise? (1,4,4,3,4)
3. It comes from great fear of French uprising. (7)
4. Not what a cricketer goes in for, unless he's off for the day. (7)
5. And more than this, it started a fairy tale! (4)
6. See 2.
8. The unkindest cut of all. It's a knockout! (5)
9. He gets 15 in this territory. (6)
14. European town that has, no doubt, conducted visitors around. (5)
17. Is the country prone to change its president? (9)
19. As Spooner might have said, the Englishman guts better on it. (6)
20. Was her box the first hope chest? (7)
21. Pirate who carried a tune on French horns. (7)
22. They might butt in to the stag party. (7)
24. In 'e goes again, Jones! (5)
26. It's always in good order. (4)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Amiss
4. Ruminants
9. Reprove
10. Newsboy
11. Ratio
12. Stalemate
13. Men of letters
17. Afternoon tea
22. Avalanche
24. Topic
25. Napkins
26. Beloved
27. Harnessed
28. Norns

DOWN

1. Airdrome
2. Imputing
3. Show-off
4. Reeks
5. Manhattan
6. New Year
7. Nubian
8. Styles
14. Exercises
15. Stop-over
16. Cascades
18. Fragile
19. Ortolan
20. Launch
21. Hamper
23. Embed

(255)

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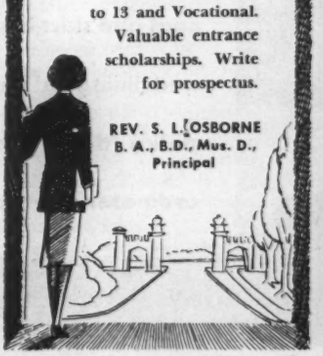

EATON'S
Such a wonderful way to look this Spring!
. . . in a three-piece costume that adds up to fashion at its most accommodating. The coat and skirt in soft black wool; the blouse and lining in onion silk, peppered with polka dots. From a collection of co-ordinated city clothes at EATON'S.
EATON'S CANADA'S LARGEST RETAIL ORGANIZATION . . . STORES AND ORDER OFFICES FROM COAST-TO-COAST

Beauty

AN OLD-TIME popular song admonished: "It's your duty to be beautiful", but this sentiment was not always true. Back in 1770, a Bill was introduced into the English Parliament which stated: "All women, of whatever age, rank, profession or degree, whether virgins, maids or widows, that shall impose upon, seduce and betray into matrimony, any of His Majesty's subjects, by the use of scents, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high-heeled shoes or bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the law against witchcraft and like misdemeanors . . . and that the marriage, upon conviction, shall be null and void."

It was a very unfair Bill indeed, because the women of the period were drab beside the bright plumage of the male.

Today, however, we are encouraged to use beauty aids, without fearing any penalty for witchcraft—though very pretty witchcraft it is.

The new system of make-up is based on the theory that rouge is not color; that a lovely luminous look is the goal, rather than color contrast between foundation and rouge; and that color choice should be guided by skin tones, and governed by the color being worn. You choose:

In rouges and lipstick: Red with blue undertones—for blues, greys, purples, mauves.

Clear reds—to be worn with black, white, certain shades of pink and their companionate reds.

Orange reds—for tanned skin, and with browns, café au lait, and tan shades.

"Scents" are another thing entirely. In spite of the 1770 edict against them, we suspect that they were used, and potently.

In Spring, of course, the flower fragrances are always popular; the heavier perfumes of winter discarded. Mary Chess has several lovely blends in White Lilac, Gardenia and Carnation. These scents even come in a lacquer preparation for painting the inside of your bureau drawers. Lentheric has a new refreshing scent called Red Lilac.

And of course, when choosing perfume, try it on your skin at the pulse spots, inner wrist, curve of your elbow, your throat. Spots where the warmth of your skin may intensify the beauty of your perfume, are your best choice. And no more than three fragrances should be tested at one time; the senses become bewildered if more are tried.

The Fragrance Foundation has a number of other suggestions about your perfume:

Change your perfume from time to time to avoid fragrance immunity.

Carry perfume in your purse to renew your fragrance whenever you re-apply your lipstick.

Spray cologne or toilet water on the electric bulbs of your lamps so the heat will diffuse the scent into the room.

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Lighter Side

Twilight of Peanut Butter

LAST YEAR our Ontario Legislature put through an innocent little bill intended, as Agricultural Minister Thomas Kennedy pointed out, "to put the cream back in cream puffs."

Since the consumers of cream puffs are a relatively small and juvenile group, the bill didn't attract much attention. Recently, however, it began to foliate into various sub-amendments, and presently emerged as the Edible Oils Product Bill, No. 71, which would prohibit the manufacture or sale of any edible oil products derived from anything except milkfat.

Since this appeared to be a matter of vital public interest, I decided to conduct a telephone poll on this issue, as usual selecting names at random from the telephone book. Most of the housewives interviewed were not only well informed about Bill 71, but thoroughly roused.

"The Ontario Legislature," declared a Mrs. Roy Kedgeree, "has tried to take advantage of the absence of our boys in Korea to put through a measure that will make it impossible for them on their return to enjoy a sociable peanut butter sandwich. Is this the democracy our fighting men are fighting for?"

A Mrs. Blodgett declared that the bill obviously represented a threat to the sale of oleomargarine. "I will not give up the fight until the future of margarine is assured and its color restored," she said.

"If our legislators had to mix the nation's margarine instead of just making laws about it, they would soon change the legislation," she pointed out. "It should be possible to serve a simple table dish of proved nutritive value without coating yourself like a channel swimmer."

"It should indeed," I said. "Does this happen to you very often, Mrs. Blodgett?"

"No, but I should enjoy seeing it happen to some of our legislators," Mrs. Blodgett said with spirit.

A Mrs. Farthingill said that when she discovered what our legislators were contemplating she made a point of attending every session of the house.

"The ladies of our group made up simple lunches, usually peanut butter sandwiches, and sat in the Visitors' Gallery during the entire time that Bill 71 was under discussion," she said.

It now seemed likely, she added, that Bill 71 would be discussed thoroughly in caucus, and when it came up for a second reading would be referred back to the Agricultural Committee for further amendments.

"In other words, you feel you have accomplished something definitely constructive by your presence and protest," I suggested.

"On the contrary," Mrs. Farthingill said, "I feel that the whole untidy business was probably being swept under the rug till after the visitors left. However, I intend to be on hand for the second reading, and to follow the whole course of the debate when it is referred back to the Committee."

"That is splendid," I said, "I can see that you are deeply interested in the principle of guarding vigilantly our democratic rights and privileges."

"I'd prefer to say," Mrs. Farthingill stated, "that I believe in the simple old-fashioned principle of, 'See what Willie is doing and make him stop.'"

A Mrs. Budgeroe declared that she doubted if the public realized even yet the wider implications involved in Bill 71.

"The Bill, as you know, would forbid the sale of all edible oils not derived from milk fats," she pointed out. "This would mean that it would deprive not only the schoolboy of peanut butter sandwiches but the hostess of her salad oil, the office girl of her doughnut, the depressed classes of their fish and chips and the vegetarian of his soy-bean cutlets. In fact, if the law became universal the ruthless hand of bureaucracy could reach as far as the Arctic Circle, depriving the Eskimo of his blubber."

"This is very serious," I said.

"It is more than serious," declared Mrs. Budgeroe. "Bill No. 71 is, in fact, a dagger aimed at the heart of our entire national dietetic and nutritional system. For this reason, we feel it should be brought to public attention as strikingly as possible. We are therefore planning a spectacle which will dramatize these various points and we hope to persuade the officials of the Canadian National Exhibition to offer it as a grandstand feature. If you or any other ladies are interested, we would be glad to have you take part."

"Well, I haven't had a great deal of dramatic experience," I said, "but I wouldn't mind a minor role as, say, a threatened banana fritter."

The only man on my list, a Mr. Ives, declared that ever since the trouble over Bill 71 came up, Mrs. Ives had deserted him for the Visitors' Gallery of the Legislature.

"All I hear from her is a note saying, "Peanut Butter sandwiches in the ice-box," he said.

"How do you feel about Bill 71 yourself?" I inquired.

"You figure it out," Mr. Ives snarled, and hung up.

MARY LOWREY ROSS

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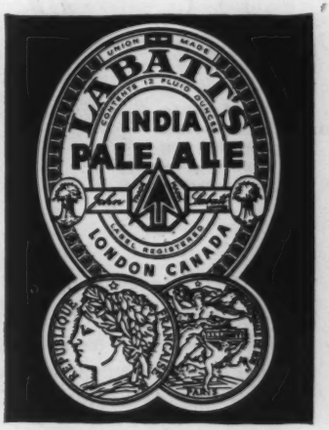

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The Backward Glance

45 Years Ago This Week in Saturday Night

THE FRONT PAGE of the April 4 issue of SATURDAY NIGHT for the year 1908 discussed the inability of the Canadian people to oust an entrenched political regime (Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Liberal government), which was expected to carry the next election. The Liberals had been preceded by Sir John A. Macdonald's Conservative Party, which had held office for eighteen years. The Department of Marine and Fisheries was criticized for its lavish wastage of public funds, especially its carefree habit of supplying silver tea services to St. Lawrence River dredges and serving champagne suppers in the Arctic. In 45 years the bureaucratic bent has moved from champagne to *chevaux*, making a saga of progress from the heights to the hoof.

The Doukhobors were in the news in 1908 for the same reason that they are in the news in 1953: their proclivity to drop their clothes at the drop of a by-law or an unkind word. The only difference was that in those days their dance of the seven petticoats took place inside their uncurtained front parlors.

Hester Hope, a sob-sister on the Fort William *Times-Journal*, gave strident voice to her indignation about these ecdysiastic goings-on in her home town of Fort William. She takes James Conmee, MP, to task for his broadminded attitude toward these people with the words, "Were this colony situated in a house before Mr. Conmee's home in Port Arthur, and were he forced to pass daily in front of the curtainless windows, and, what is worse, to see little children, young women and girls passing—"

Her indignation must have caught hold of her writing arm at this point, for she refused to go further, but SATURDAY NIGHT carried on bravely and tells its readers that these Doukhobors go about their household tasks in a state of nudity. The Front Page editor adds, with either horror or hope, "It is to be feared that when the warm weather comes they will not remain indoors."

Godfrey Langlois, speaking at a Montreal Reform Club dinner, reminded his audience that over 4,000 teachers in Quebec Province received less than $122 a year in salaries—less than what was paid to a domestic servant.

The London Letter quoted H. G. Wells, in a reply to someone who commented on his wealth versus his Socialism, as saying, "I see no sense in making myself and my wife uncomfortable, and risking the lives and education of my children, by going to live in a slum at a pound a week." In connection with this, T. P. O'Connor pointed out that most of the best known Socialists in England were persons of wealth and leisure, including Bernard Shaw, Sidney Webb, Ramsey MacDonald, Philip Snowdon and The Countess of Warwick.

The editorial page reported that, due to the hard times then being experienced in Canada, a Winnipeger raised quite a howl in that city when he claimed to have made $100 in one morning. His friends asked him how, and he replied (probably polishing his nails on his lapel) that he had merely refused to pay $100 for a lot on Portage Avenue. The yak-yaks could probably have been heard down at Fort Garry, but we wonder what ever happened to that smart operator, and what county home *he* died in?

Theatrically, Richard Carle was playing the lead in *Mary's Lamb* at the Princess during the first half of the week, to be followed by Edward Abeles in *Brewster's Millions* on Thursday, Friday and Saturday. These possessive little farces were counter-balanced by de Pachmann who was appearing at Massey Hall. *The Private Secretary* was being played at the Royal Alexandra, Charlie Robinson was appearing with *The Night Owl's Company* at the Gayety, and hemmed in between the vaudeville acts at Shea's Theatre was a demonstration of a passing fad called the kinetograph, which showed pictures that moved across a screen.

There was a wider class-consciousness shown between the social strata in those days. Among the citizenry mentioned in the Social Page were a clutch of knights and their ladies and an honor guard of hyphenated names. Among those present were Lady Cartwright, Lady Kirkpatrick, Col. and Mrs. Greville-Harston, Mrs. H. Campbell-Osborne and other members of the *haute monde*.

Today's banking institutions could take some tips from the bank advertisements of those earlier days. For instance, The Crown Bank of Canada gave away small pocket banks to their customers, The Metropolitan Bank offered, and advertised, joint accounts for husbands and wives, and also promised no delays in withdrawals, The Bank of Ottawa came out flatly in their ads with the statement that interest on deposits was compounded four times a year.

In 1908, Bredin's Bread advertised a loaf at 5c, mattresses sold for $3.50 to $6.00 apiece, but the newfangled Gillette safety razor and twelve blades cost $5.00, this despite the fact that it had been on the market for three years. Cocoa was a popular beverage, but it ran a poor second to gin and whiskey in the advertising columns; Epp's and Cowan's cocoa were overshadowed by Burnett's gin, Martell's three-star brandy, Dewar's whiskey and several beers, ales, port wines, and tonics. Shredded Wheat was advertised as a Lenten substitute for meat and eggs, at two large boxes for a quarter. You could buy a Heintzman player piano or a "1900 Electric Washer" (price not given) to while away a Sunday evening or a Monday morning. It is hard to say which gave off the best music, but remembering our old player piano roll of *The Bells Of St. Mary's* we're inclined to bet on the washing machine.

The Correspondence Column invited letters from readers, and gave in return graphological studies of the correspondent's handwriting. "Dimples", "Marguerite E.", "Americano", and "Outlaw" received straight necromantic advice, but a correspondent using the name "Tattycoram" was told, "Don't worry, the answer was meant for a very different person, who besought my consideration of a scheme you'd have more sense than to suggest. I can't be responsible if you and another choose similar names. I take things as they come, like the festive burglar, my dear."

The answer was snippity enough, but what puzzles us is how two different people could choose one *nom de plume* such as "Tattycoram". Maybe we'll use it as our pen-name on our next Irish Sweepstake ticket.

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Key to décor... YOUR FLOOR

Building or re-building

give your home that colorful contemporary look with

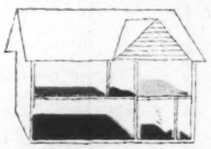
Inlaid Linoleum Floors by Dominion

Here are some flooring facts to keep in mind while you're at the blueprint-and-budget stage . . .

Your floor is the largest unbroken decorative area in the room. So it's a good idea to start your décor *at the floor.*

With Dominion's 68 inspired colors, its four-way choice of patterns, its adaptability to "custom" floor design . . .

You'll want Linoleum

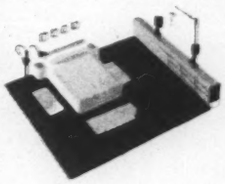


in Every Room

You'll save dollars, too,

BECAUSE LINOLEUM DOES TWO JOBS

1. It is a flooring, like hardwood. In new construction you just cover the original rough boards with plywood and felt paper, then lay your linoleum. You don't need hardwood underneath. Over old floors, just apply felt paper, then your linoleum.



2. **Linoleum is a floor covering** —like carpeting. It's equally smart by itself or with scatter rugs. It's the perfect base for carpeting, too.

Dominion Linoleum keeps its beauty and color—wears indefinitely—because

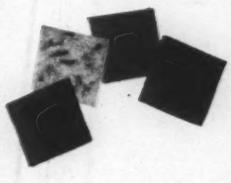
It's Inlaid

It's linoleum through and through—the color goes right through to the back.

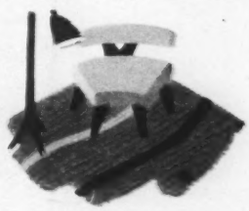
Linoleum costs no more than regular flooring

including laying by experts. When you do it yourself—and you can!—you save that much more in cost.

All you need is our easy-to-follow instruction leaflet, "LAYING LINOLEUM" (see coupon) and a few simple tools to lay Dominion Linoleum.



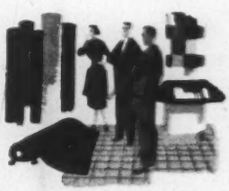
With either tiles or by the yard, you can choose Dominion's four famous types: Plain, Marboleum, Jaspé and Handicraft, giving wide choice for design.



Use one of them for a subtle over-all effect . . . *or combine* two or more to achieve decorative ideas distinctively yours.

You'll bless linoleum's satiny-smooth, washable surface. It "sheds" scratches and wear and *cuts your floorwork in half.*

So friendly to your feet, too. That's because shock-absorbing linoleum is made with enduring, springy, *natural cork.*



SO-O-O . . . before you spend a penny building or re-building, ask about this permanent, *truly modern* floor. You, too, will want DOMINION LINOLEUM.

"TELL ME MORE"

Dominion Oilcloth & Linoleum Company Limited,
2200 St. Catherine St. East, Montreal

Please send me a copy of

"COLOUR CHART" ☐
"CARE OF LINOLEUM" ☐
"LAYING LINOLEUM" ☐
"STORY OF LINOLEUM" ☐

Name.....

Address.....

DOMINION *inlaid* **LINOLEUM**

Marboleum Battleship Jaspé Handicraft

DOMINION OILCLOTH & LINOLEUM COMPANY LIMITED • MONTREAL

Thanks to the income from life insurance . . .

She can be with her boy-when he needs her most

When her husband died, the full responsibility of caring for her little boy fell on her shoulders—as well as the task of managing home finances.

But with a cheque arriving each month from the London Life, she does not have to work for a living—

She can spend her days at home, on hand whenever her boy needs her—give him companionship and guidance—nurse him in time of illness and help him over other rough spots.

Thanks to life insurance, this boy is receiving the start in life that his father wanted him to have.

London Life
Insurance Company

HEAD OFFICE • LONDON, CANADA

Ask the London Life man to show you how your life insurance can be arranged to provide the maximum income from your policies.